MONARCH

SOCIAL CLUB

$15..

FALL 89

Members - Free

VOL. 1, ISSUE 3

OTTAWA TRANS LIBRARY

MARDI GRAS PRINCESS '89

Heather (589-132) is our first Mardi Gras Princess the club has had a chance to honor. Heather won the title hands down, not only for her looks, but her personality, femininity and all round stature. By the way this was Heather's first time out. Congratulations, Heather!

Volume I, Issue 3- "FALL"

This publication by far is the best Monarch has ever put together! The reason being is it was put together by 'team work'! Robin May ([redacted]) is resposible for the "Member of the Month" write-up and piecing together the fiction section. Krissy ([redacted]) was one of the photgraphers at Mardi Gras and the collage of photos in the writeup is her donation. Also, she is out finding this publication a 'home' to be printed each month. Here's to Madeline Victoria (who isn't a member but we wish she was) who donated the crux of the material and the information for the writup on "all dressed up and somewhere to go"! Randi decided you girls needed some 'mental exercise' and designed a TV crossword puzzle (near the back).

The Mardi Gras story is by far the most the girls did to pull this club together by their involvement and organizing the events. It just shows me that ther is a definited need for a sisterhood out there and these girls have proven that by their actions. This club may still be small in numbers but the numbers we do have are big in spirit and sisterhood for making this club a very special place to be!

Keep up the good work girls!

Karen Anne ([redacted]) is still submitting her creative stories to keep the fiction section alive and we thank her. Heather ([redacted]) is sending out the club enquiry sheets and keeping people updated. Thanks again to Heather's girlfriend, Kris for putting this baby to bed. It's her work that polishes these issues! And to all of you, members or non-members who have sent us issues, announcements, writups on coming events, or even just a friendly note or photo we thank you. It shows you care that we succeed.

Deb Pyke

MARDI GRAS '89

(Third year) turned out to be the most successful event that Monarch and Fantasyland has hesd. The Company Motor Inn opened their doors and offered us the hospitable welcome they have in the past years. Over the span of the weekend, close to sixty girls dropped in to visit or spend the entire weekend. There was a lot of chances to dress and show off new outfigs. Friday evening was actually the official start but some girls showed up Friday morning to start dressing early. A mix-and-mingle wine and cheese party on Friday night, started the process of the ladies getting to chat with each other. By the end of the evening everyone was relaxed and well on their way to looking forward to the weekend. Some of the guests attended the wine and cheese party as their male selves, which was ok. We are not here to 'rush' anyone into dressing. By Saturday night though, all 'males' had 'disappeared', those that had felt shy earlier on, had been given a positive moral boost by their sisters! The ladies who had come out the year before, most of who are club members, were there this year as hostess' to 'help' the new ones with their first 'outing'. It proved to be most successful and thanks goes to all those who provided that bit of 'security and morale' for the 'first timers'.

In fact, Heather our MARDI GRAS '89 princess had never been out in public prior to this event! She ended up taking the title for her style, personality, and of course her impeccable 'femme' side. She's our first Mardi Gras Princess, yet we had no tiara or bouquet of flowers, the girls were pleased with their choice. Heather received a complimentary 8 X 10 photo and her set of pics from Harry Ayerst Studio as her prize. Along with coverage in the Transie Times.

Krissy has been coming to Mardi Gras since year one and her 'growth' is steadily coming along to the point of getting her own hair permed this year. (Anyone want to buy some good wigs?) Yes, girls, she went to the local beauty parlor to have it done, in a unisex style that will convert to her male life-style as well. Ther were quite a few guest attending thanks to Kandi Kane's endeavors to sprea the word! Hopefully, they will become members in the near future! Babs flew in from up North to attend, although she attended Friday night as her male self as it was her first time out. Come Saturday night, the girls complimented her 'femme' side and told her she looked cute! We hope to see more of Babs but she has come so far, that this was indeed an honour to have her there. Nancy (Ellie), came in from Prince Edward Island, Donna flew in from New York City. Nancy is also a first timer, Donna is out and about The Big Apple every weekend!

MARDI GRAS '89

Back Row: (left to right) Bobbi, Babs*, Mary*, Nancy(Ellie), Tanya*, Marilyn, Heather*, Heather*
Front Row: Kandi Kane*, Donna, Cheryl Ann*, Krissy*, Candy*
Missing: (absent when photo was taken) Madeline, Joan*, Randi*

TANYA & KANDI
CHERYL ANN
BABS
MADELINE
CANDY, DONNA & HEATHER
HEATHER
TANYA
MARY
DEB & KRISSY

DONNA FOUND IT QUITE A CHANGE TO HER LIVILY LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY!

In fact, Donna has invited us to a big party in February in New York. (Will keep you posted through the newsletter when more details come up.) In Donna's words, it's 'ONE WILD TIME'. "Before yesterday, I had never worn 5" heels and tonight I'm dancing in them!" exclaimed Mary! Marilyn had the opportunity to talk to other 'marrieds' and has now decided she has the incentive to tell her wife. It was her first time out with other crossdressers, and the co-operative input, she said, helped her immencly.

"IT HAPPENED!" That question "What if I'm dressed and someone knows me?" except it was a total reversal. One of the guests was still male, as it was a early Saturday and a well dressed lady entered the room. "I know you," her sultry voice commented. "No I think not" he replies. Well, of course they knew eachother...for nearly twenty years...yet he did not know hem as a 'femme'! So relax, most peoples eyes are not 'trained' to read the male inside the femme. As this story proves.

MARILYN GAINED CONFIDENCE!

Deb held a free makeup course on Saturday using Ellie as her 'victim'...Ellie had never seen her femme side before so she was a likeabled candidate. She accepted Joan's invite to lunch downtown with good natured humor. "Out on the top lids, and in on the bottom. That's how liquid eyeliner goes on?" commented Tanya. She was learning the hads on method of doing her own makeup. For her second try, the job was quite successful. The Monarch Sisters arranged a dinner party on Saturday night that went quite successfully, ordering out to a local Italian restaurant. Although the Company Motor Inn is aside the store and the ladies could travel back and forth quite discretely, you have to remember it is downtown Owen Sound. There were the local bar crowd, who ended up meeting some of the girls on the balcony Saturday night when the bar let out. The other guests in the hotel, including the fishing derby participants who were also booked there passed the ladies in hallways, some looked but nothing was amiss, no one was hassled, belittled, or had any problems with the outside population meeting their 'femme' side. It is outings like this one that gives

not only the crossdresser the confidence to go on to the next step in getting 'out' but it also enlightens the population, that 'crossdresser' are nice people too! (Not some fantasy image as protrayed in the 'fantasy sex' magazines.) As Ellie commented, "I've never been dressed in a dress this long in my life before." "But then it's not that much fun getting into the dress alone int the living room and thinking, now what? Here, I've got so much to do, I'm in Heaven!" For those of you who are looking for a good socializing time, someone to talk to, a chance to come out for the first time in a positive environment (that is safe) this is the event for you!!!...

...(If you are looking for a wild time, with hype...forget it! these dues are on the 'low key' for those who have never experienced an outing)
MARDI GRAS 1990 will be held August 24, 25, and 26th at the Company Motor Inn. 840 3rd Ave. East, Owen Sound, Ontario N4K 2K5 (519) 371-2266. We will be more than delighted to welcome you to attend! (If you cant wait that long, get in contact with a member for "Monarch Social Club". Their addresses are listed on the inside back cover.)
Til next year!

Monarch Social Club and Fantasyland Presents.....

MARDI GRAS 1990!

COMPANY MOTOR INN
840 3rd Ave. East
OWEN SOUND, ONT. N4K 2K5
(519) 371-2266

AUG. 24, 25 & 26, 1990

Wine & Cheese Party	Garage Sale	Dinner Party
Princess Contest	Makeup Demo	Shopping Spree
Sunday Brunch	Dance Party	

COUPLES WELCOME!

Friday through Sunday, 3 days/ 2 nights of fun and festivities. There is no charge for the weekend, except your room and contributing to the cost of the food for the dinner party. Wine and Cheese party will be compliments of the Club. Sunday brunch is 'male' self unless the facilities change by 1990 and will be another cost. To hold your reservation a the Company Motor Inn you will need a major credit card, or cash deposit. Tell the clerk you are with the Mardi Gras so they can get the rooms organized. Parties will be held in the Boardroom.
NO dealers or retailers unless approved by club members.

MONARCH SOCIAL CLUB
CANADA WIDE TV CLUB

Again, and hopefully for the last time I would like to inform our readers that Danielle Bluestone is no longer publishing TV Guys and the Canada-Wide TV & TS Club is no longer out there. That is the reason that "Monarch Social Club" is trying to go Canada Wide. Danielle put a lot or her life into the 'cause' and will be known as the forrunner for uniting TV's Canada Wide. Monarch needs to get out there and be distributed as adequately as possible. Hopefully, down the road we will reach the readership that TV Guys managed to. Our goal is to keep you educated, informed and most of all entertained!

As for the social club, that is exactly what it is. It is not by far, rowdy parties or sexual innuendoes. It's primary goal is to bring TV's together who have never met or talked with another one of her sisters. It is to bring beginners out in a safe and close atmosphere with sisters who have already come out or have been out for some time. Its a chance to talk with other marrieds, whose wives do know and are supportive. It is also for those who cannot tell their wives (just yet). Once a year we open our doors to let anyone in who cares to come to Mardi Gras. But you do not have to wait a year. If you are serious about wanting to join, you can write for out $2.00 +SASE info sheet and fill it in. After that, you can voice an interest to attend a 'private' party. You are entitled to attend one free function

con't page 10

TRANSSEXUALISM: MYTH OR REALITY

"SHE'S A WALKING CONTRADICTION
PARTLY TRUTH AND PARTLY FICTION"

The preceding words are roughly tranlated from a song by Kris Kristofferson and in some ways accurately describe the transsexual dilema.

This is a particularly difficult article for me to write as I really don't know which camp I fit into or if I am part of that ambiguous grey area between truth and fiction.

"She-males!, Mistresses of change! Sex kittens with cocks!" These are all terms coined by some of the soft porn publications that perpetuate the transsexual myth. Truthfully, it was my fascination with these enigmatic creatures that got me first involved in cross-dressing. I used to think that one could have the best of both worlds if he could be, at one time, both masculine and feminine. I have to say that I have had a change of attitude after having lived as a woman for a year and a half. It is no longer possible for me to live the fantasy. I don't want to sit on the fence anymore. I have discovered that being a woman is much more than high heels, garter belts and kinky sex. There are intuitive feelings that I experience now that I never knew existed when I lived as a man. The things I am talking about are intangibles; feeling more in harmony with the world around me, responding to a work of art or a piece of music straight from the heart, the joys of seeing children at play.

My feminine outlook has been chemically induced in some part. The hormone therapy I have been on for the last two years has

MSC cont'd

before actually making up your mind to join. If you have a wife or girlfriend who wants to attend, they are more than welcome. The dues are $75.00 per year. That includes the four club pubs. and a 'yearbook'. Which is another yearly publication where you get a full ½page to show your best femme pictures off! As for Danielle, I wish her well. For those of you who feels that she has 'deserted' you, or will not notice you on the street I felt I had to write this. Read the enclosed article. It is in my mind Danielle's 'swan song' from her TV/TS world and her 'birth song' into her female world. We cannot hold her back anymore than you can keep a song bird in a guilded cage. It was her time to 'fly' to where she belongs now. It is normal to want to do this and very against the norm if she had not. Wish her well, you will miss her as I will, but try to thind of how happy she is. Afterall, she's not dead, she's finally 'alive' and living a full life! In other words, don't take it personally! You will be more than welcome to join Monarch and help the Canada Wide Club be REBORN once again. There are a few of TV Canada Wide Members in Monarch already. May we WELCOME YOU as well?

T: MoR cont'd

done much mor than develop my breasts. I wish that men who are attracted to transsexuals could understand that. The tranition of changing a male to female is a lot more complex than just modifying the phisical attributes. Along with the chemical changes from the hormones, there are emotional changes within as well.

I really get annoyed with guys who are just looking for some kinky action from a "hot TS" and are not prepared to accept the responsibility of understanding what motivates a women like me to choose this lifestyle.

I hope that through using this editorial space, I can educate some of those people who have misconceptions of what the transsexual phenomenon is. I should also say that these are only my opinions that I have arrived at through my own experience. I would appreciate your feedback, if you wish to comment on my writings. Please address your letters to me c/o this publication.

Ms. Danielle Bluestone
Canada-Wide TV & TS Club

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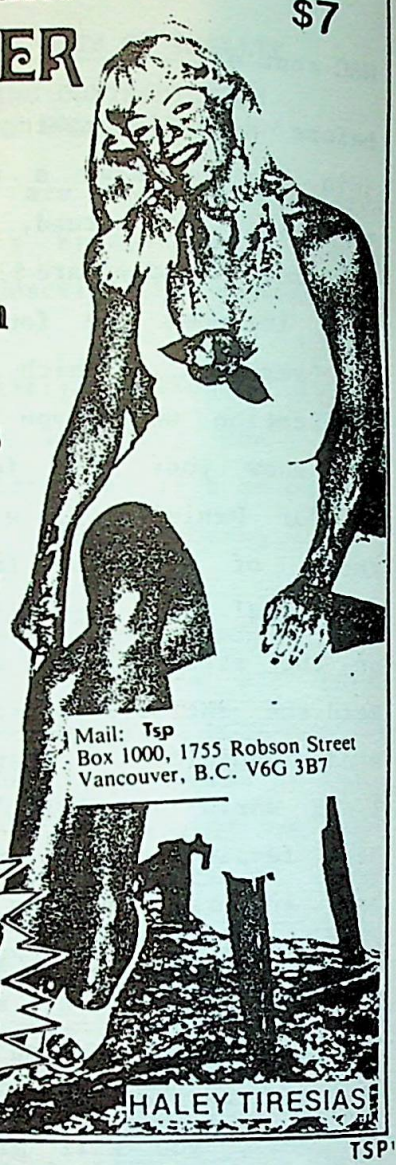

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ALEXISS

[redacted] - BARB

"ALL DRESSED UP AND SOMEWHERE TO GO!"

So your club sisters aren't meeting for another two months and you just bought this dynamite outfit. You have a **NEED** to go out and show it off NOW not two months down the road.

So where do you go? Hopefully this section will give you an insight to where others are finding safe outings. Some of these are in gay clubs and others are 'mixes' of straights or gays. But one thing for sure is that these places have been CHECKED OUT AND **YES** TV'S ARE WELCOME! Also, there are some groups trying to form out there that have been listed so you can keep an eye on them. One is forming in Ottawa, Ontario but the member did not get the information back in time for this publication. Kitchener, Ontario has Debbie Monarch trying to form a TV/TS support group under the name of "Chrysalis". You meet in a meeting room and they are trying to get guest speakers. Payment is by the visit ($5) If interested in getting information write : BOX 30, 292 KING ST. E. KITCHENER, ONT. N2G 2L3. Debbie informed our club of "The Half & Half Club" 223½ KING ST. W. KITCHENER, ONT. (519) 743-6731. She says it is a gay club but TV's, drag queens, etc. are accepted. The entrance is off the Hals Lane (behind the King Centre). She goes on to stay "It is very "clicky" so if you go alone, you may stay alone, if they don't know you. (Debbie words, not Monarch's). Staying in Kitchener: Cheryl Ann ([redacted]) recommends "The Electroysis Studio" in Kitchener as being an efficient establishment, and Marilyn the owner welcomes TV/TS clientale. (no, she does not do waxing and does not believe it is an absolute method of hair removal). Moving on to London, Ontario we have a 'gay hotline' you can call to find out where TV's are welcome! Candy ([redacted]) called 'Halo' Club up and was assured that yes, TV's/TS's are most welcome! The club is open Wed. Fri. & Sat. and is located at 649 Colbourne Street, London, Ontario. Candy is looking into other referals and will keep us up to date in our monthly newsletter. Of course, The Tasmanian Ballroom, 1 Jarvis St. Toronto, Ont. (416) 363-7117 is holding a Fetish Night the ' Thusday of every month. There is a "petit fashion show" by Northland Leather which is more than just a fashion show. The dress code is strict, the crowd relaxed and friendly. Change rooms are provided, (see ad for further information).

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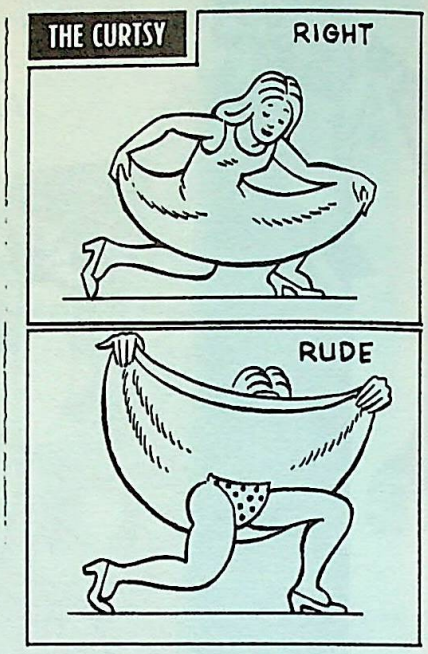

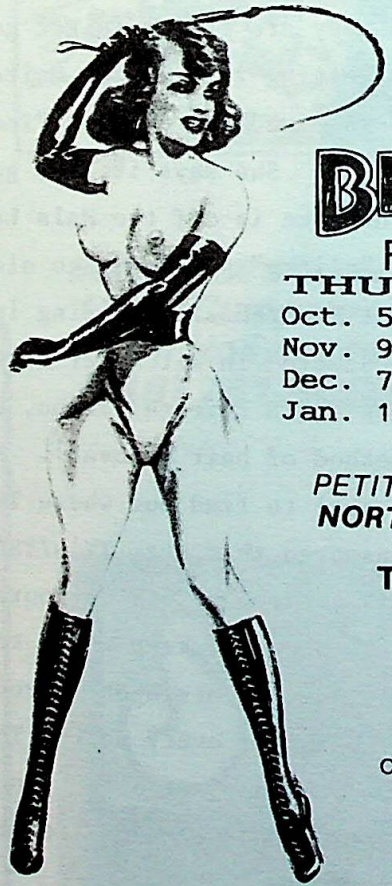

You and a guest are invited to attend

BIZARRE

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CHANGING ROOM PROVIDED
A leather jacket alone will not be acceptable

19 years or older only!
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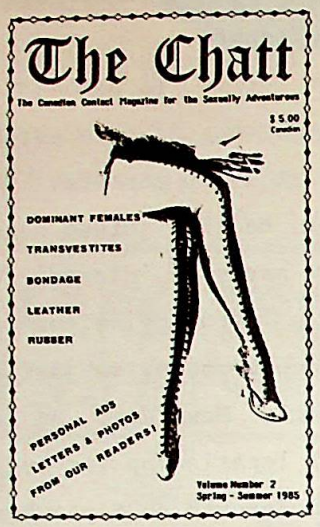
NO CAMERAS ALLOWED

ALL DRESSED UP - cont'd from page 12

This event is going to become an event not to be missed! If the next, goes as well as the last two we have a "New York Club" in the midst of Toronto.
The next Monarch Social Club Event is a Barbeque Garden Party! To be held on October 29, 1-6p.m. Rain or Shine. Dress-warm. It is being held on a 95 acre estate with garden, duck pond, and the privacy that allows the shyest TV to partake. Our sister Heather [redacted]) is hostessing the party for the club. Heather joined after visiting Mardi Gras and is a most welcome member! Although ther party is 'closed' for members and friends or 'sponsored' guests; remember, you have an 'open invitation' once you fill in the questionnaire. We are always looking for new members, we just want to have a 'safe environment' which you yourself must also respect. Next due: An "after New Years/Christmas party' either in Jan. or Feb. (Hostess/ location up for suggestion)
The Ontario College of Arts just held a "Tacky Ball" in Toronto on September 28th. Tight there on the invitation was TV's Welcome! Isn't it wonderful to know that the arts accept TV's. Check out this due next September/90 through the college. Too bad, the information came too late this year to promote it. Sounds like fun!
October seems to be the most 'affluent' month for calling TV's out to party! The two biggest parties being held, aside from of course beloved Hallowe'en Eve are "Dressing For Pleasure Gala", in New York City Oct 20-22. (See summer publication of Monarch for ad) Danielle (The Chatt) is planning to attend this year and will probably have a writeup in one of her future publications. She interviewed Deb from Fantasyland for her October/November issue and is planning on doing a writeup on Monarch in the near future. This publication went to sleep for a few years, but Diane re-awoke it with a fresh new image! It is geared to the BD/SM scene whether you are a TV or not. However, Danielle is a TV so she 'understands' the scene. The next big event for TV/TS's is the "15th Annual Fantasia Fair" in Provincetown, Mass. The program is so impressive Monarch decided to give it a feature, for the happening to be at in October! Whether completely out of the closet, or just 'deciding' to try your 'wings', this programme just makes you WANT to come out to be there! If you do happen to make it to this event, a camera is a must! If you want to submit the pictures to Monarch for publication, PLEASE include a photo release signature and be sure and put NAMES on the backs of the photos. We will then gladly return the photos if you supply an addressed, stamped envelope. In fact, any event or due that you attend 'Monarch' will give the event coverage in future publications. Of course we want articles and photos in 'good taste'. We reserve the right to alter any ads, articles or photo's submitted for publication. Here is a lot of warning for this event. The Texas 'T' Party will be held Feb 23-25, 1990 in San Antonio, Texas. Contact the Bolton & Park Society, P.O. Box 169652, SAN ANTONIO, Texas 78280 U.S.A. (512) 657-2540 (hotline) For those travelling to Europe, who are interested in the B&D scene, there are some ads that arrived in Monarch's Mailbag! See page 16



Available at select stores or for information or subscription:

Chatterly's
Box 128 Station "A"
MISSISSAUGA, Ontario
L5A 2X7
Attention: Danielle

cost per issue: $10.00

Next issue has a feature on Fantasyland (due out in Oct-Nov.)

Danielle plans on doing a write-up on Club Monarch and needs members to interview. Interested? If so contact her today!

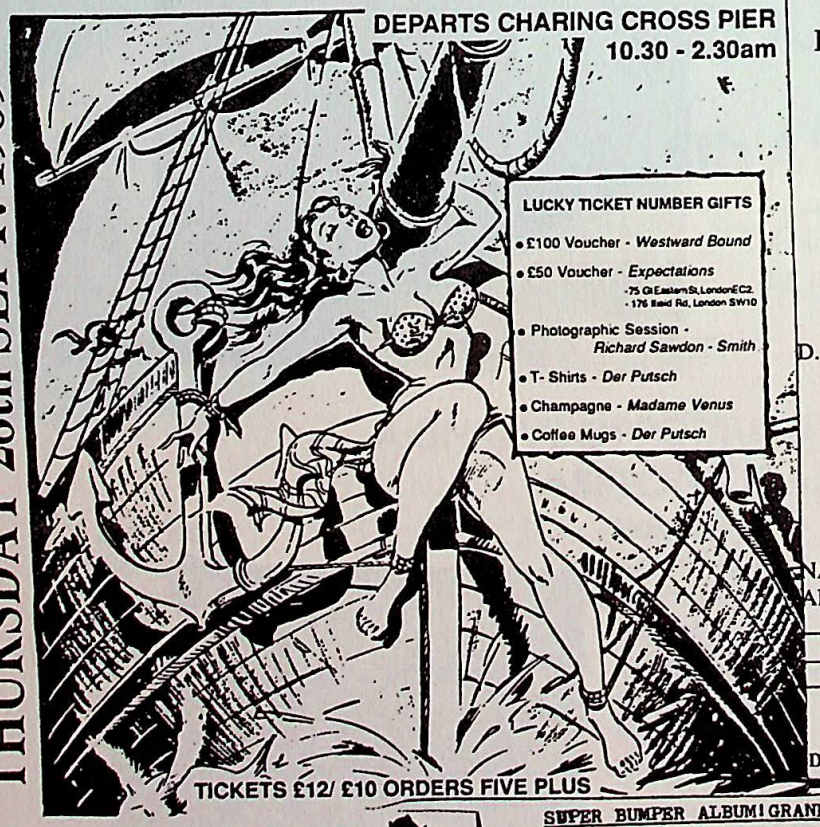
TRANS NEWS
The Transition Support Monthly Newsletter
September, 1989. Volume I, Issue 9
$3.00

OUR OBJECTIVE...

...is to provide a safe and welcome place for both male-to-female and female-to-male transsexuals, transvestites and their significant others to get together with like minded individuals. Attendance at TRANSITION SUPPORT functions is open to all interested persons regardless of gender. We reach out to all transsexuals and transvestites in an effort to help them accept and make peace with themselves. Our meetings are on the second Friday of every month at "THE 519" 519 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M4Y 2C9. Write us and we will send you a free issue of TRANS NEWS. Our 24 hour phone line is (416) 531-6126.
Please fill out the application form on the back page of TRANS NEWS and become a member.
WE WANT YOUR SUPPORT!

DER PUTSCH Boat Party

THURSDAY 28th SEPT. 1989



DEPARTS CHARING CROSS PIER
10.30 - 2.30am

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- £50 Voucher - *Expectations*
  - 75 Gt Eastern St, London EC2.
  - 176 Basil Rd, London SW10
- Photographic Session - *Richard Sawdon - Smith*
- T- Shirts - *Der Putsch*
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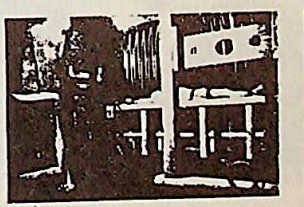

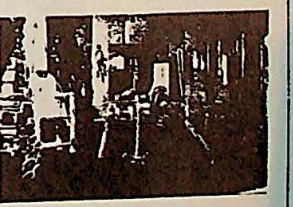

For more information and a booking form write to: Westward Bound Ltd Dept V, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX. (Remember to include a SAE)

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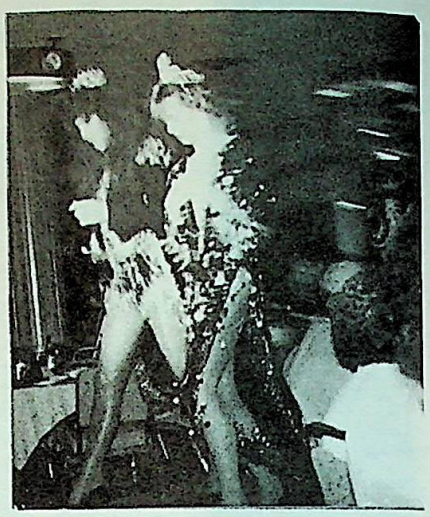
(713) 347-6563

PM Publishers is pleased to publish the first book on crossdressing written from the perspective of the wife. MY HUSBAND WEARS MY CLOTHES was written by Dr. Peggy Rudd who is the wife of a crossdresser. Dr. Rudd serves on the Board of TAU CHI, the Houston area TRI-ESS chapter, and is also an advisor to TRI-ESS,

$9.95 and $1.45 Postage

Heather, Debby, Lisa (Ms. Gay Calgary) and Jennifer



Emperesses from U.S.A.

For those of you who wondered what 'action' was goin on in Calgary. Robin May reports that a good time was had by all at this get together held in late Spring in Calgary! If any of you readers have photos from your get togethers that you wish printed just be sure to enclose a photo release form and we will consider publishing them. (in good taste, girls).

Seattle Empress

Robin May
([redacted])

THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

Presents

THE 15th ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR

When: **OCTOBER 13-22**, Where: **PROVINCETOWN, MASS**

FANTASIA FAIR IS FOR:

Learning **Confidence** **Fun** **Crossdressers (TVs, TSs, TGs)** **Spouses & Friends**

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE, LEARN AND EXPLORE DIVERSE ASPECTS OF ALTERNATIVE GENDER LIFE STYLES

Seminars
Going Public
Legal Aspects
Health Issues
Sociological Aspects
Lifestyles
Special Guest Seminar
Partners

Major Events
Ladies Night
Town & Gown Supper
Fashion Show
Outreach Banquet
Fan/Fair Follies
Fantasy Ball
The Awards Banquet

Activities
Whale Watch
Kite Fly Picnic
Open House Party
House Parties
Sunday Brunches
Church
Video Party

Workshops
Couples
Personal Development
Fashion & Beauty`
Speech Improvement
Beauty Fair
Fashion Fair
Color Image

AND MANY MANY MORE

ENJOY NINE NIGHTS AND TEN DAYS IN BEAUTIFUL PROVINCETOWN RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN

COME TO THE FAIR - AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER

For **FAIR** information contact:

FANTASIA FAIR
LINCOLNIA STATION, POB 11254
ALEXANDRIA, VA 22312

FANTASIA FAIR

...IS LIVING TOGETHER

Fantasia Fair is a residential fair based in downtown Provincetown, and not isolated in standard motels built a mile or more from the center of this charming rustic seaport & artists colony. Instead, it is deliberately designed to: (a) get our ladies out and about town by separating housing facilities from meals and programs; (b) release the woman within from any "closets" so that she may experience a touch of reality in a friendly community; (c) provide a smorgasbord of programs. workshops, seminars, events, and activities so that you can plan YOUR Fantasia Fair; and, (d) select Inns designed to provide a supportive small group "sorority house" environment where our ladies can share their experiences while being helped by experienced House Hostesses, who have attended two or more Fairs.

We have carefully selected small classic New England Inns to provide our participants easy access to the town's fine restaurants and shops as well as the Fair. Host Inns are chosen for two basic traits: (1) Comfort; and, (2) An Innkeeper and Staff which actively want to have us as their guests. Our best way to judge an Inn is by the fact that a significant number of our ladies sign up to return to an Inn or Apartment year after year.

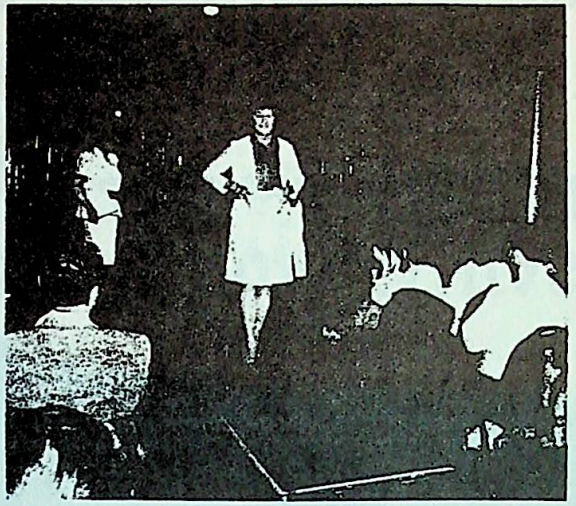
...IS FOR CONFIDENCE

Fantasia Fair is designed to help the crossdresser feel comfortable living in the opposite gender role. Novices and those suppressing their femme self are urged to express and enjoy their alternative role, without fear, in a secure and understanding environment. Experienced crossdressers enjoy meeting and sharing their experience with the novice, thus making new friendships and gaining insight into themselves.

Those contemplating a permanent change will gain additional knowledge concerning their choice. Many helping professionals recommend our program as a must for their beginning transsexual clients.

Learning to cope with situations and emotions increases understanding of ourselves and relations with others. Our self image begins to improve. As the Fair comes to a close, participants have developed new friendships and achieved a new plateau of personal growth. Each is reluctant to leave, but carries away many lasting memories and a special aura that is

THE SPIRIT OF FANTASIA FAIR



...IS FOR YOU

Thirty of your sisters and other helping professionals have come together to prepare our community's most prestigious event, which is for you. Fantasia Fair has the most comprehensive program of seminars, major events, activities and workshops available to the crossdresser. The blend of practical and educational experience concentrated in the Fantasia Fair setting is truly unique. Provincetown has provided an understanding community with a police force dedicated to "serve and protect" you. And a community of restaurants, inns, apartments, and friendly businesses look forward to seeing you. Put it all together and it is called Fantasia Fair. This is our fifteenth Fair, we all want it to be yours.

The Fifteenth Fantasia Fair is for you!

When you sit down with this brochure, and later our detailed Participants Guide, to pick and choose the various activities you are interested in, from a smorgasbord of events, you are planning your own Fair.

The key to planning a great Fair for yourself is: (a) leave "brother" with all his natural machismo back home, (b) bring (don't "send her up", or "put her down") the woman within to be free to be herself, (c) get out your lovely clothes and enjoy the freedom, (d) share and give of yourself to help your sisters at the Fair, (e) participate, (f) participate, and (g) participate. You will enjoy your Fair.

FANTASIA FAIR.....

OPENS A NEW WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN CROSSGENDER LIVING.

...Your vacation takes place in the unique and friendly setting of Provincetown, Massachusetts at the tip of beautiful Cape Cod.

...Occurs October 13th through the 22nd. One full week with two full weekends. Nine full days of exciting activities.

...A unique opportunity for the wide spectrum of the crossdressing community to share a fascinating experience by living in an alternative gender lifestyle.

...A program designed for fun. A variety of events like the Fan/Fair Follies, Kite Fly, Fashion Show and Whale Watch will appeal to the indoor sophisticate as well as the outdoor enthusiast.

...A learning environment. Legal, Health, Lifestyles, and Sociological aspects of crossgender living are explored in depth.

...Will improve your self-image. Some of the available workshops are: color coordination, make-up, wigs, speech and body language- to name a few. You will definitely gain self-confidence by participating in these established programs.

...Appeals to all crossdressers, TVs, TGs, and TSs. A secure environment for beginners as well as spouses, lovers, and friends.

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST EVENT OF ITS KIND.

Organized and sponsored as an educational event by the Human Achievement and Outreach Institute, a not-for-profit educational corporation chartered in Massachusetts to foster better understanding of crossdressing and gender-related issues among helping professionals.

.....IS FOR LEARNING

The Fair offers an interwoven program of practical, social and educational experiences, for the novice and advanced crossdresser.

There are daily workshops devoted to various aspects of personal grooming and feminine expression. Emphasis is given to makeup skills as well as wig and hairstyling for all occasions. Experts in fashion discuss wardrobe selection, style and color coordination. In essence the Fair offers to all participants an opportunity to complete a Basic Fashion Modeling and Charm Course. There are dynamic programs in feminine body language and vocal skills. Private sessions in these areas can be arranged with professional consultants.

Several seminars are offered that address important issues. The legalities of crossdressing, pertinent medical, psychological and sociological issues, and the dynamics of social interaction are explored. Each seminar is presented by acknowledged professionals in their respective fields.

The personal growth workshops provide an opportunity for participants to search the inner self and gain a more positive attitude about crossdressing behavior. A workshop is especially offered for couples. It has been developed to provide support and a better understanding of crossdressing behaviors. It is facilitated by an experienced counselor.

.....IS FOR FUN

Imagine yourself as a model wearing your latest fantasy creation in the Fashion Show, or performing as an entertainer before a live audience in the Fan/Fair Follies. These are but two of the many exciting events that make Fantasia Fair a fun experience.

Our Fashion Show is staged to display one's own femme wardrobe before an appreciative audience.

Our feature event is the Fantasia Fair Follies - an enthusiastic cast of participants entertain before a standing room only crowd of friends and admirers.

Another exhilarating experience is the Town and Gown Supper. Dine and socialize with the residents of Provincetown. Make new friends while living your alter ego.

If you are the outdoorsy type you can run your L'Eggs off at our annual Kite Fly on the beach. Bring your high-heel sneakers for the high-heel shoe marathon through town. You won't need a passport, but you may need your most feminine foul weather gear and dramamine as we search for whales on the high seas during the Whale Watch.

Cocktail parties, pajama parties, Ladies Night, the Outreach Banquet, the Fantasy Ball (that defies description) lead to the highlight of Fantasia Fair, our Awards Banquet. Who will be Miss Fantasia Fair 1989?

JOIN THE FUN AND FANTASY THIS OCTOBER IN PROVINCETOWN!

...IS ACTIVITIES

The Fair's activities are ever growing with new ones often announced mid-fair, and most just spontaneously organized to party, party, party! But, these are the basic activities built into our program.

Open House Cocktail Party On Friday, October 13th, we come as we are, whether we have unpacked or not, to a cash bar cocktail party to meet each other informally before we go out into the town for supper on our own. Just a casual tradition.

House Parties. Your House Hostess has a little kitty to throw three "wine and cheese" parties, usually one on each Saturday and one on Wednesday. This "pajama party" can be a night out on the town with the girls at the inn, or maybe a combination party with another house. Its up to the house!

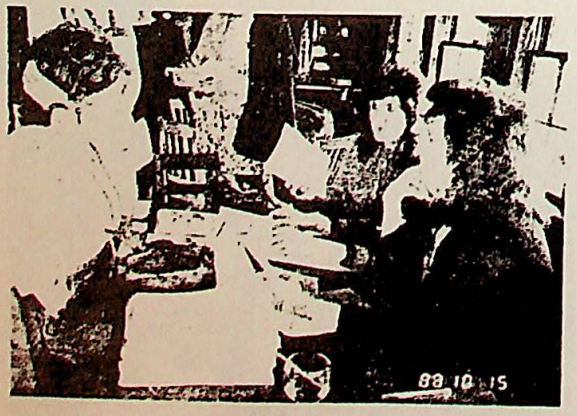
Sunday Brunch Each Sunday, before church, or during church (naughty naughty sleepyheads) we gather for brunch to share.

Church The Universalist Meeting House has served as our church for years as we share this beautiful experience with our dear friends in Provincetown.

Whale Watch ($35 Special Fee) Dress up warmly and board ship to journey out into the deep where the whale pods frolic. Last year a proud mamma actually picked her baby out of the water in her mouth to show us how pretty baby was!

Kite Fly Picnic ($25 Special Fee) On Friday afternoon we don our warm clothes and high heels to go fly our kite while enjoying the afternoon and our late picnic lunch.

Video Party After the Fantasy Ball we get together to look at the video out-takes from the Fashion & Beauty Course, the Fashion Show, and the Fan/Fair Follies.



...IS WORKSHOPS

This year we are expanding our workshops. *Indicates a workshop in negotiation or planning.

Fashion And Beauty Course (Included in Basic Package) Every facet is documented in this group of classes and workshops. The typical schedule for this workshop is:

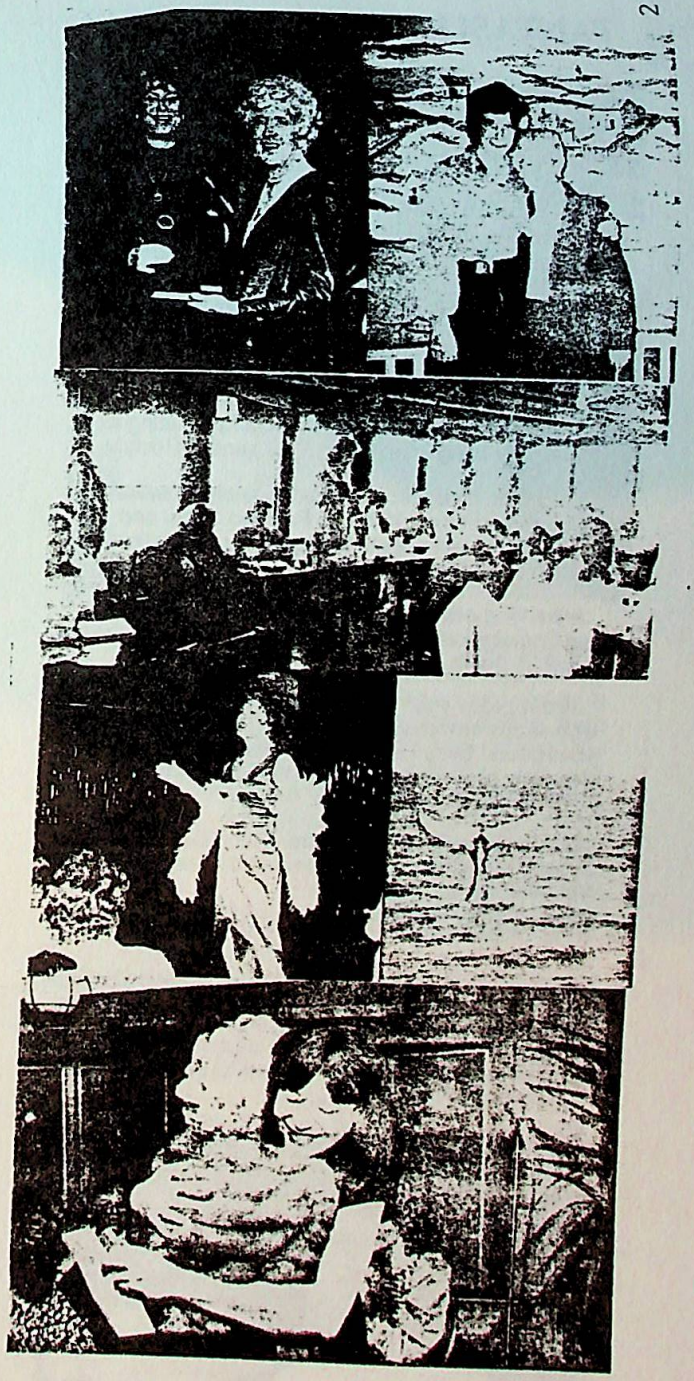
(a) "Being Terrific" Student analysis of needs;
(b) "Pretty Face I" Skin care, beard cover, eyebrows, foundation and contouring;
(c) "Dynamic Woman I" Video of student body movement, walking, and gestures;
(d) "Pretty Face II" Eyes (lashes & coloring) Lips (shape and color);
(e) "Pretty Face III" Do it yourself (With a little help.);
(f) "Dynamic Woman II" Video practice of life situations;
(g) "Essentials" Hair care, wigs, styling, hair removal;
(h) "Under Cover" Bras, foundations, gaffing and padding;
(i) "Out on the Town" Clothing and Accessories
(j) "Putting It All Together" Question and Answers.

Color And Image Workshop* ($175)
Introduced in the 1988 Fair, this workshop was an absolute success. It can be taken as a total workshop or by topic:
(a) Scarf Tying & Accessorizing Workshop ($25) 60 minute group session.
(b) Your Silhouette ($55) 3 hour personalized computer analysis.
(c) Color Analysis Consultation. ($45) 90 min. Individual color analysis.
(d) Capsule Wardrobe Planning. ($25) (Requires (c), above, first.) 30 min. How to mix and match 12 items in your wardrobe to have 30 or more fantastic outfits.
(e) Flash Dressing. ($25) 60 min. The technique of mix and match combined with the art of wardrobe planning.

Personal Health Workshop* (Price to be determined.) This workshop will be in conjuction with a medical center and our own MD's. Crossdressers, such as transsexuals, often develop physical problems because of their use of hormones, electrolysis, etc. This leads to a natural shyness about physical examinations and laboratory examinations which could be life saving if done in time. This individualized workshop includes a complete basic physical and related blood tests as well as medical consultation about personal plans.

Partners Program (Included in Basic Package) This program, under the guidance of returning partners, consists of an Orientation Session, Partner Seminar, and daily morning coffee calls with guests. In past years the Partner's group has developed a brochure for partners of CDs which may be obtained by writing to our Fair address.

FOR A DESCRIPTION OF OTHER WORKSHOPS AVAILABLE READ UNDER SPECIAL PROGRAMS (PART B).



JoAnn Roberts and Creative Design Services have brought you the very best and latest information to help you create the 'perfect' feminine image. "Art & Illusion: A Guide to Cross-dressing"; "Speaking As A Woman" and "Ladylike" magazine are published to help you develop your feminine self. These publications are now available in Canada through Fantasyland. If you want to subscribe or receive more information, write Creative Design Services, Box 1263, King of Prussia, PA 19406, or to order direct; Fantasyland. All orders are mailed in dense, unmarked envelopes.

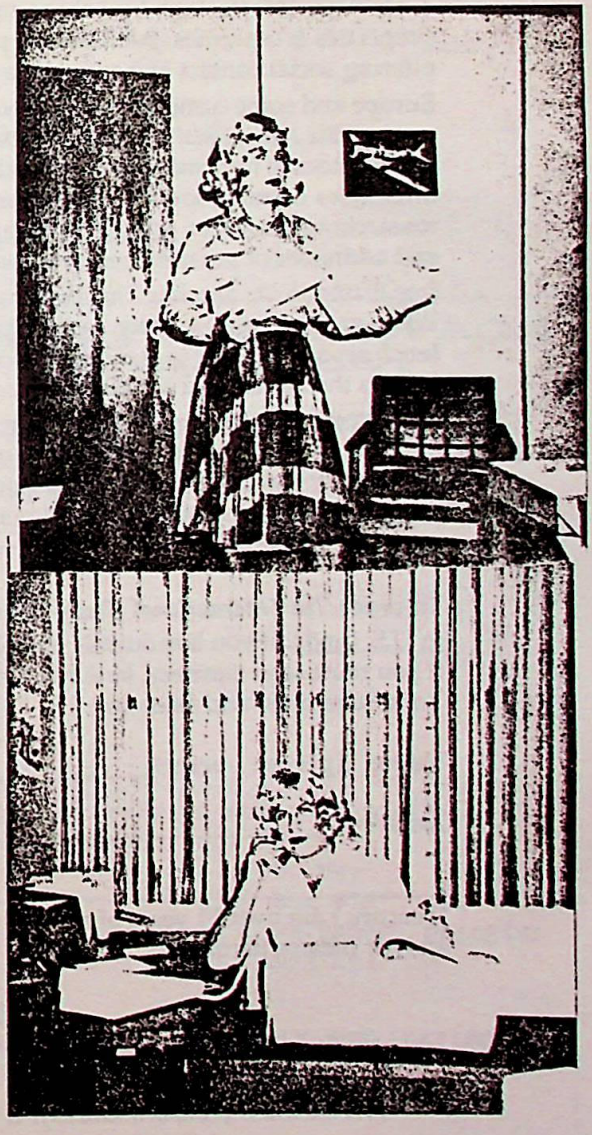
Betty and JoAnn Roberts - May 1989

PARADISE IN THE POCONOS

Karen Anne ([redacted]) is responsible for her erotic fiction that graces the pages of Monarch. Our members may not know this, but Karen Anne has in the past, been a ghost writer for "Tab International". Most of the TV stories you may have read and enjoyed in past in this publication were probably hers.

We are very lucky to have Karen Anne as our main author(ette?) for Monarch as she has now been hired and I may add (PAID) by two major publications in the states for her literary works of art.

Are there more of you out there hiding you God given talents? If so please submit them to Monarch with your story, poem or artwork feature. No articles etc. can be returned unless you include a SASE (not responsible otherwise)



"MONARCH" Social Club has been place on the database which shall expand the awareness of our club. We will receive the free $25.00 copy of the magazine, for running this ad. It will be available to members in the Club Library.

Other readers shoul also take advantage of the fact this companu is offering FREE 35 word ads to promote your services!

Please print your ad and be sure to include your name and address, and your signature stating you are over 21 years of age.

ATARAXIA
International

Post Office Box 222-FB
Gorham, New York 14461
United States of America

Announcing:

The International Fetish Resource Database!

The Database is an up-to-the-minute computer print-out providing you with names, addresses and descriptions of nearly 600 manufacturers, retailers, publishers and support organizations all over the world catering to your very special fetish needs! They offer you every imaginable form of fashionable, restrictive and truly bizarre garments and devices in rubber, leather, PVC and other exotic materials of every description and design! They also provide TV, TS, S/M, B&D, gay, lesbian and adult baby items & services, corsets, high heel shoes and boots, confidential contact systems, unusual theatrical properties & costumes, publications, periodicals and videos as well as membership in organizations offering social contact and support to various kinds of fetishers, etc. Nearly half of the listings are from Europe and some come from as far away as Australia.

The International Fetish Resource Database is probably the most comprehensive, up-to-date source of fetish resource information of it's kind in the world! Do not confuse it with annually-printed directories oriented toward broader, more conventional audiences. For the last ten years we have been researching resources specifically related to fetishism. This is an on-going process. We enter the names and addresses of potential resources we find into our computer and send them an invitation to place a free listing in *The Database*. The information we receive as a result is also entered into our computer. When we receive your order, our computer produces a print-out for you of everything it "knows" about fetish resources as of that moment. You get ALL of the descriptive listings we have already received as well as the names and addresses of those which have not, as yet, responded to our invitation to place their free listing in *The Database*. When looking for fetish items of any kind, *The Database* is clearly the place to start your search! We have already done most of the research for you! It will save you time and money and allow you to shop competitively all over the world for even the most hard-to-find or bizarre fetish items at the best price and quality!

----------cut here & mail in----------

To order *The International Fetish Resource Database* fill out, sign and mail this form to us with $25.00 in U.S. funds. If you live outside of North America, add $10.00. Sorry, we cannot accept foreign cheques. If you must send currency, be sure to remit via registered mail for your own protection. Residents of New York State must add sales tax.

Name (please print)_____

Address_____

_____Country_____

"I certify I am over 21 years of age and am fully aware that I am requesting information of a sexual and/or bizarre nature."

Signed_____
(Unsigned or incomplete form will delay order.)

ATARAXIA: (Ancient Greek): a state of calmness, without inner turmoil, peace of mind.

1990 YEARBOOK IS COMING!

Each club member is entitled to this much space (½ page) in the yearbook. This will be a bound publication that will be used all year to keep in touch with your sisters. New members will be added as supplemental sheets.
How to use your space:

For a photo(s) of yourself,
To place an ad that tells your sisters who you are and what your interests are..talents, hobbies, and of course your membership number.
Femme Name and contact address will be printed at the heading of your ad space.
For those of you needing a good photographer, contact Krissy or Harry Ayerst, 211 Dunlop St. W., Apt. C, BARRIE, Ont. L4M 1B5, (705)726-6714. Or if you are in for a transformation/photo session at Fantasyland, ther is another option! Just get your photo and ad **SOON!**

A number of members have been asking when their club memberships come due for payment. Krissy thought this method was so 'simple' but I guess we shoud have explained it! Sorry! All 988 #'s are the EXCEPTION--the first 25 members all got 988 because they were patient & had to wait for the club to form..their dues will be owing 190 or Jan. 1990 (just in time to pay for the yearbook!) Therefore, 289 will be due on 290 or February, 1990. That way you always know your billing date for renewal as it is in your club code #. If you could remember to renew you've got a very simple system. Agreed?

ADVERTISING SPACE AVAILABLE!

FULL PAGE $25.00
HALF PAGE $15.00
QUARTER PAGE $5.
BUSINESS CARD SIZE $2.50

Send photo ready ad and payment (M.O. or certified cheque) to:

R. May
Box 977
WATERLOO, Ontario
N2J 4S1

MONARCH IS A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION!

No Body's Perfect

SOLUTIONS FOR FIGURE PROBLEMS

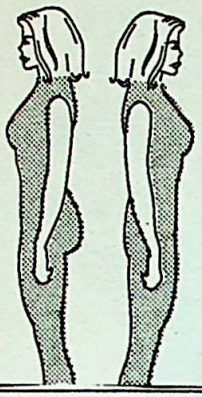
By Janis Hillman
Freelance writer

WHAT IS perfection? The ancient Greeks thought they knew — and centuries later, we're still trying to reach their ideals.

While you may not fool yourself, you can create an illusion of perfection. The trickery is haberdashery. What you wear can lengthen, shorten, trim or add curves visually. The art is knowing how to use color, line, texture and form to your advantage.

Take a self-portrait approach. Put the proper palette together using fabrics, styles, necklines and accessories. Here are some tips to start the process.

BOTTOM



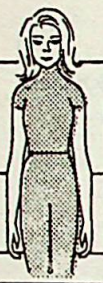
WHAT TO AVOID

Large bottom
- ☐ all trousers
- ☐ fitted jackets
- ☐ gatherd skirts
- ☐ boxy jackets

Flat bottom
- ☐ closely fitted jacket

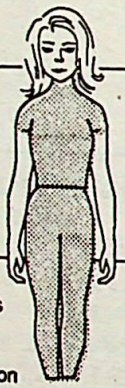
SOLUTIONS
- ☐ softly tailored skirts and jackets
- ☐ pleated skirts
- ☐ long blouson jackets
- ☐ 2 piece outfits
- ☐ skirts or dresses with some fullness
- ☐ tapered or boxy jacket

ARMS



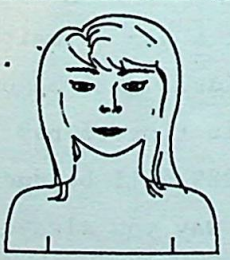
	Short arms	Long arms	Heavy arms
WHAT TO AVOID	☐ deep cuffs	☐ any sleeve too short ☐ slim-fitting sleeves	☐ tight or clingy long sleeves ☐ sleeves ending just above the elbow ☐ rolled cuffs
SOLUTIONS	☐ rolled up sleeves ☐ 3/4 sleeves	☐ wide cuffs ☐ long, fuller sleeves ☐ short, boxy sleeves	☐ long, slim-cut sleeves with narrow cuff

LEGS



	Short legs	Large legs	Heavy thighs
WHAT TO AVOID	☐ cuffed or rolled pant hems ☐ long-line jackets ☐ mid-calf skirts flat pumps or high narrow heels	☐ short skirts ☐ light colored hose or shoes ☐ skirts that end at fullest point of leg	☐ short shorts ☐ cropped pants ☐ tailored trousers or skirts ☐ slim knit skirts ☐ tight pants ☐ pants that taper to the ankle
SOLUTIONS	☐ short jackets ☐ high-waisted dresses ☐ mid-to high heeled shoes ☐ separates based on on color (monochromatic)	☐ trousers ☐ dark hose and shoes	☐ culottes ☐ pleat-top or straight leg pants ☐ drindl, pleated or gathered skirts

NECKS



	Short neck	Long neck	Thin neck	Thick neck
WHAT TO AVOID	☐ long hair ☐ any high collar or choker necklace	☐ low necks ☐ long beads ☐ very short hair	☐ V-necks ☐ collarless tops	☐ short hair ☐ round necklines ☐ chunky beads
SOLUTIONS	☐ short haircut ☐ V-neck ☐ open collars ☐ low necklines	☐ high necks ☐ mandarin collars ☐ cowls ☐ choker necklaces ☐ scarves ☐ broad earrings	☐ mandarin, tie bow collars ☐ interesting necklines ☐ lace	☐ longer, softly styled hair ☐ narrow deep necklines or high necklines ☐ long beads and scarves

Cont'd on page 27

Take A Walk On The Wild Side!

Fantasyland

When Deb Pyke, owner of the Fantasyland TV Boutique, set out to create her first catalog she soon learned one of the harsh realities of printing: color costs $$$$$.

Undaunted, she plunged ahead and the result is a combination coloring book/catalog. In her own words, "...I came to the conclusion that I would let you color in your own favorite colors on the dresses, lingerie, etc. What better way to be able to study the design and detail..."

The three designs on the right are reproduced from her catalog with permission. They're just a sample of Deb's artwork in the 46 page catalog that offers dresses, skirts, blouses, jumpsuits, lingerie, Victorian outfits, maid's outfits, crinolines, wigs, gloves, stockings, pantyhose, shoes and boots. And to ice the fantasy cake, Deb is a real luv.

Fantasyland

'fantasia fashions'

274 8th St. E., P. O. Box 682
Owen Sound, Ontario
N4K 5R4 (519) 371-1215

$50 — Full set of catalogs*
Send certified cheque or money order to address above
Phone orders require MAJOR credit card

Alluring dresses, lingerie, stockings, corsets, maid's wear, fantasy fashions, crinolines, gloves, boots, shoes, wigs, chest pieces (incl. silicone): ALL sizes (to 52" chest)

4 Rooms of Pleasures

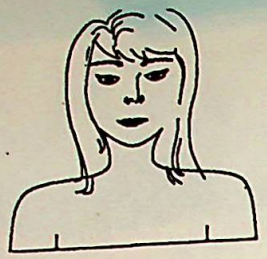
"a bona fide sex shoppe"

TVs WELCOME!
• Transformations •
• Private Sessions •
• Photo Sessions •
• Private Boudoir •
• Books & Publications •

LOOK NO FURTHER
BEST SELECTION IN CANADA
Discreet (Male self in only in store, please)
BEGINNERS WELCOME

***$50 (Can.) - Full Set: Clothing (2); Lingerie (3); Wigs, Shoes, Boots, Sessions Prices, Femme II flyers, Silicone breast, & a "toycat". Please specify "TV" to receive ALL TV material.**

SHOULDERS



Broad shoulders

Narrow or sloped shoulders

WHAT TO AVOID

- ☐ broad, square necklines
- ☐ halter tops
- ☐ epaulettes
- ☐ puff sleeves
- ☐ large shoulder pads
- ☐ shallow wide neckline

SOLUTIONS

- ☐ kimono, raglan or batwing sleeves
- ☐ deep or narrow V-necks
- ☐ long beads
- ☐ scarves

- ☐ halter tops
- ☐ narrow, deep V-necks

- ☐ square necklines
- ☐ sailor collars
- ☐ portrait collars
- ☐ puff sleeves
- ☐ wide and shallow necklines
- ☐ padded shoulders
- ☐ epaulettes
- ☐ lapels that point up and out

FACES

Square face

WHAT TO AVOID

- ☐ a neckline or hairstyle that mirrors the square
- ☐ broad earrings
- ☐ jaw length hair
- ☐ square necks

SOLUTIONS

- ☐ curly or straight shoulder-length hair
- ☐ wispy or layered short hair
- ☐ V or scoop necks
- ☐ open collars
- ☐ drop earrings

Round face

- ☐ anything rounded near the face
- ☐ scoop neckline
- ☐ jaw length, full hairstyles
- ☐ polo or cowl necklines
- ☐ round earrings

- ☐ face-framing hairstyles
- ☐ V-necks
- ☐ open collars
- ☐ drop or stud earrings

Long face

- ☐ V-necks
- ☐ deep, open collars
- ☐ straight hair
- ☐ short, cropped hair
- ☐ long, drop earrings

- ☐ round necklines
- ☐ high necks
- ☐ polos and cowls
- ☐ big, broad earrings
- ☐ jaw-length hair with body or curl

BUST

Big bust

WHAT TO AVOID

- ☐ ruffled blouses
- ☐ deep V-necks
- ☐ tight sweaters
- ☐ high necks
- ☐ gathers around bustline
- ☐ blousons
- ☐ short jackets
- ☐ high-waisted clothing
- ☐ sleeves parallel to bust
- ☐ horizontal stripes or lines
- ☐ stiff or bulky fabrics

SOLUTIONS

- ☐ drop waists
- ☐ thin belts matching top
- ☐ semi-tailored styles
- ☐ broad shouldrs
- ☐ open collars
- ☐ gentle tapers below bustline
- ☐ V-necks with lapels
- ☐ vertical lines
- ☐ classic blazers
- ☐ scarves

Small bust

- ☐ deep necklines

- ☐ slash necklines
- ☐ horizontal stripes
- ☐ layered clothing
- ☐ small gathers or shirring

Cont'd on page 32

WAIST

WHAT TO AVOID

SOLUTIONS

Wide waist

- ☐ contrasting belts
- ☐ wide belts
- ☐ top and bottom in contrasting colors

- ☐ narrow belts same color and/or fabric as top
- ☐ high or low waists
- ☐ princess lines
- ☐ overblouse
- ☐ loose vest or sweater

Short waist

- ☐ high waisted styles
- ☐ broad belts
- ☐ short sweaters or jackets

- ☐ narrow self belt or no belt
- ☐ drop waists
- ☐ stitched down pleats to hip line
- ☐ skirts and pants without waistband

Long waist

- ☐ narrow belts
- ☐ drop waists

- ☐ wide belts that match the color at the bottom
- ☐ skirts and pants with high waists
- ☐ yoked dresses

Cheryl Ann ([redacted]) "Riverboat Queen";
Kelly "Elvira"; Deb "Spidra"
May 1989, POCONOS

Kelly Sheridan wows 'em every year at Hallowe'en when she dons her Elvira costume. She is very serious about Elvira and has been working on the costume for 3 years now. Kelly's into models and also used her talent to make the ring and dagger for her costume. She has the Elvira costume right in every detail including bracelet, earrings and check out that makeup! Somebody has even asked her to do a store promotion as Elvira! Kelly is a semi-professional impersonator and does a great Dolly Parton. She gets off on Dolly because of the wild hair do's. If you happen to bump into Kelly at the Fabric Factory on 41st Street or in Greenwich Village at The Pyramid Club, give her our best.

Kelly as Elvira
"MISTRESS OF THE DARK"

FANTASIA FASHIONS has finally adopted a label for their line of fashions especially designed for cross-dressers that 'suits' the product as well as blends in with the Fantasyland logo. If you can't see it right off the bat, there is a unicorn and butterfly meshed together. The labels will be black on gold and are discrete enough that only a cross-dresser will know the true meaning.

MEMBER PROFILE

Jennifer Richards

Hi there! To those who do not know me, let me introduce myself. My name is Jennifer Richards. I am 25, 5'2", black hair, brown eyes and my measurements are "non of your business". Just kidding, but like most girls I hate to recite them. I wear a size 12 petite and size 7 shoes. I am fairly attractive and have the ability to pass in public. I have a very understanding girlfriend and we go out a great deal shopping, dinner, movies, etc. I have a very extensive wardrobe that covers everything from casual outings to very formal occasions.

When I was first asked to write about myself I wasn't sure exactly what to say, but in order to give you a total picture of myself, I thought I might go right back to the beginning and let you know how I got to were I am today.

Like most of you my dressing urges started about the age of 12 when I began dressing in my mothers clothes. I would wait for the entire family to go out and then race downstairs and take out nylons, panties, bra and prance around the house. At this stage, my makeup was limited to lipstick. As I grew older the urges became much stronger and began to be attached to sexual satisfaction. Through high school is were the urges began to grow stronger and stronger. I found myself at times looking at girls, not for their looks but for the clothing they were wearing. Cheerleading outfits were the worst. I would sit and dream not about making love to those short pleated beauties, but to experiencing how their outfits would feel to wear. The same feelings went for all female clothes. Through high school, my sisters were getting older and I would, on every occasion, slip into their clothes and satisfy my sexual urges. Every year this went on, my urge grew stronger and stronger. College was the next stage. The girls were becoming more sofisticated and so was their clothing, and my dreams now turned to not only wearing their clothes, but to makeup and wearing high heels. College also brought a girlfriend for me, my first, and I did not want to lose her. The first time she found out about my fetish was at the drive-in. We were kissing and I always insisted that she wear lipstick as I loved the taste when we kissed. Following one kiss she said that if I liked the taste maybe I should wear some, after all, I already had a lot on my lips. The following week I wrote her a very detailed letter describing how I would like her to dress me up in lace and silk. I was always letting her know how exciting I found it. The next night was my first time with her all dressed up in lace and

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30

silk, and we never looked back. Most times when I dressed up it was part of a fantasy. It progressed from just lace and silk to full dress, wigs and she eventually taught me how to apply makeup and walk in heels. One Haloween I bought my first wig. Unfortunately it was not the best. I dressed up and my girlfriend did all my makeup and we went to a shopping mall. Looking back it was no wonder I was easily spotted as my walk stunk, my heels were outdated, and the clothes were tacky. We went in the front doors and made our way over to the lingerie department. Unfortunately there were some young teenagers there and they started to make comments so we made a beeline for the door and raced home. Eventually the relationship ended and it was about that time I moved out on my own.

Without a girlfriend I had to learn to act very quickly going into department stores, asking for clothes for my sisters birthday. Lingerie was a big problem but fortunately I had managed to get some from my ex-girlfriend and it would do. I bought my first makeup kit from Sears and started to experiment. My wardrobe consisted of 2 dresses, one skirt, a blouse, nylons, and a pair of black high heels. As time passed and I wore those clothes to death. Eventually I contacted Deb in Owen Sound after reading her ad in a companion magazine. The early beginnings of the club had started but then a great thing happened to me.

It was August 2nd and I met a girl who became my wife. Her first introduction to "Joyce", Jennifer now, was when she found two of my dresses. She thought they were my old girlfriend's but after I explained they weren't she was relieved. We had a long chat and we laid down the ground rules early. No male sexual contact when I was dressed up and when I was Jennifer I was a girl and would behave accordingly. I found that to be perfect as in my last relationship dressing as a fantasy did not work. This way was perfect as the thing I most enjoy is being treated as a lady. From this point on the female side on my grew rapidly. My wife and I are about the same size so I had lots of clothes right away. A month later after lost of coaching from my wife on dressing, makeup, female manureisms, I was ready for the world. We also purchased for me an expensive and proper wig. One other important event was a trip to Fantasyland. It was the spark that gave me confidence to go out in the real world. Thanks Deb!

My first trip out was terrifying to say the least. I was wearing a dark blue silky blouse with high collar, black tiered skirt and black high heels. We went straight to an intimate restaurant and dined as two ladies out for the evening. I went to the washroom and was never questioned.

Trips after that were short, but started to increase in length and boldness. One of the most memorable was the first trip to a mall and shopping for clothes. Not only did we shop, but I was in and out of changerooms trying on different dresses, etc. Picture #1 shows the dress I bought that day. It was formal and was great to try on. Picture #2 shows another outfit I bought on a shopping trip to find a denim mini. I love to wear high collared shirts as my adams apple is a little big. I have also satisfied my cheerleading urge as I went out and bought myself one and yes, I love it. Actually the first time I wore it in public was a story in itself.

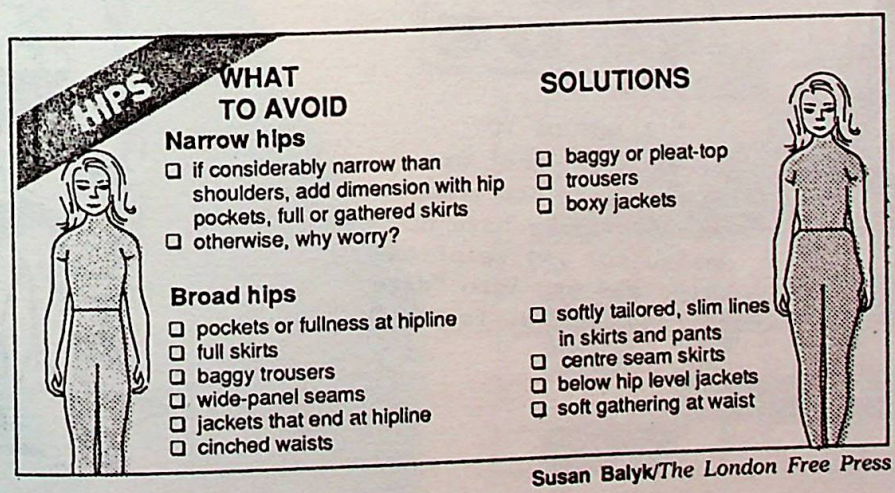
As for now I consider myself a pretty woman that has a beautiful girlfriend (Jennifer). I live a life, which is limited to one or two days a week, as a female. Because of my male side my season exists from September 29th, my birthday, to mid april and on the off season I do not see my girlfriend or go out in public. As far as sexual contact for me, well, I can say that my sexual orientation is lesbian and my girlfriend is bi (only with me). I will leave the rest to your imagination.

The picture on the cover shows me on the last day of this season. The dress I am wearing is the one described in my column. My girlfriend and I got all dressed up and went to a dinner theatre and had a wonderful time.

I hope this peek into my history and development has shead some light on why you are who you are and where to go from here. If you have any questions please feel free to write and ask.

You can write Jennifer
c/o "Monarch" Social Club
Box 579
Againcourt, Ontario
M1S 3C6

"NO BODY"S PERFECT" Cont'd from page 27


HIPS
WHAT TO AVOID
Narrow hips
☐ if considerably narrow than shoulders, add dimension with hip pockets, full or gathered skirts
☐ otherwise, why worry?
Broad hips
☐ pockets or fullness at hipline
☐ full skirts
☐ baggy trousers
☐ wide-panel seams
☐ jackets that end at hipline
☐ cinched waists
SOLUTIONS
☐ baggy or pleat-top trousers
☐ boxy jackets
☐ softly tailored, slim lines in skirts and pants
☐ centre seam skirts
☐ below hip level jackets
☐ soft gathering at waist
Susan Balyk/The London Free Press

PRESS RELEASE

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1990 SHOPPING GUIDE ON SALE DEC./JAN!

A must for all!

MAY 1989

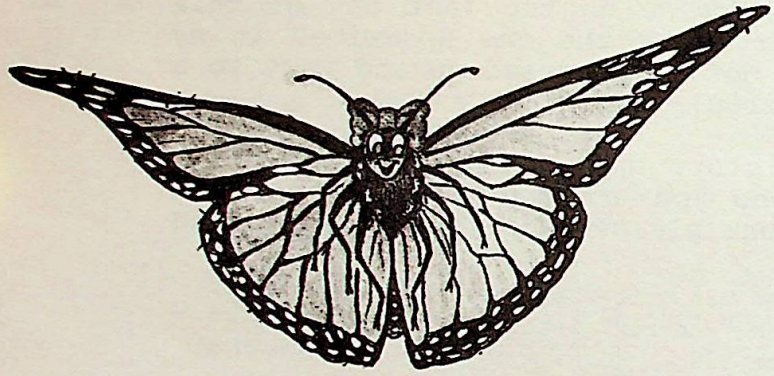
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA-

Announcing the publication of a new book for crossdresser's. The Crossdresser's International Shopping Guide - 1989 Edition is a totally NEW resource for the crossdressing community.

Finally, a shopping guide for crossdresser's. Listings of stores and businesses that cater to TV's and TS's plus many others that sell direct via mail order, WORLDWIDE! The most comprehensive book of its kind. PLUS, articles on how to find your correct sizes with size charts, mail order tips, product reports, the how and why of dressing and shopping "en femme" and much more.

This new book will be distributed to the libraries of crossdresser's clubs/organizations worldwide as well as being distributed by mail order and in retail outlets for the crossdressing individual.

Being published by John Moran Photography for PPOC, this quality book will be periodically updated to keep pace with new and changing resources and to keep the crossdresser informed of new products and items of interest. The book is available from a number of TV Boutiques and by mail order from John Moran Photography.



JOKES! CARTOONS!

Monarch wants to start a joke/ cartoon page in our next issue and we need you the readers, to contribute clippings or your original work. If you want credit please give us the name and location to be used on the joke or cartoon. Send all contributions to Robin May Box 977 Waterloo, Ont. N2J 4S1 (SASE)

FAST FACT

It's estimated that between 6,000 and 10,000 men and women have undergone sex-change operations in the U.S. at an average cost of $9,000 to $12,000.

STRANGE but TRUE

4 OUT OF 10 heterosexual ment are crossdresser (to some extent). They have no desire for gay relation-ships and are into "date fantasy" or "bi-fantasy"

Randi ([redacted]) has put this puzzle together for your enjoyment. Use a pencil as ther are some 'trick' answers in here!

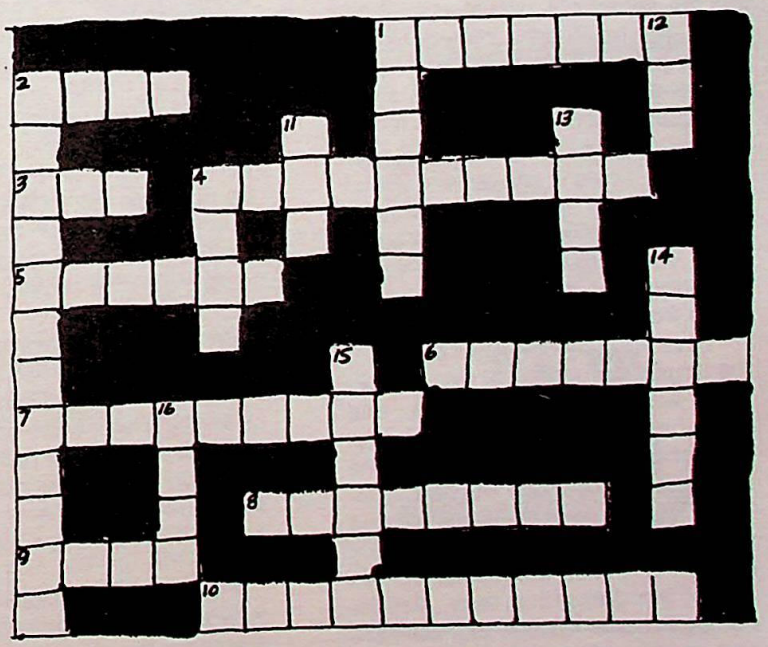
CROSS DRESSING

ACROSS:

1. _____ SHOW.
2 & 3. _____ & ____. 3 of the main objects of our dressing.
4. Aug. 25 - 27, 1989
5. Elvira's "sidekick". (Deb's cosutme, see this issue.)
6. To control and lead you, your mistress might get your nose, nipples, and fore skin _____.
7. High spiked heels.
8. She's the boss.
9. What shows when you wear sandalfoot nylons, panty hose, or shoes?
10. Birthplace (in Owen Sound) of Monarch Social Club.

DOWN:

1. An object worshipped. ie. shoes, feet, thin waists, breasts.
2. Every one of us members is a _____.
12. When you should come out of the closet, if you haven't already.
4. The lady on the cover of summer 89. You HAVE come along way Bab.
11. Das iss Der "OWHER SHOULDHER, BOULDHER, HOLDHER."
13. It hides the real you under your undies.
14. Girls _____ thier ears.
15. To give you a wasp like waste, you wear a __ ____.
16. _____Look best in high heels.



STOCKING UP

After a hard day at the office, there is nothing I enjoy more than coming home and slipping into a pair of long, sheer black nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes, garter belt or waist cincher, sheer panties, and a beautiful, sheer negligée. There would be nothing unusual about this, of course, except that I am a man.

My fiancée enjoys dressing in this manner, too; in addition, it excites her to see me this way.

We began our little adventure into the world of silk and nylon shortly after we met. We were necking one night in my apartment on the couch, and she placed her hand on my penis, and—lo and behold—she felt, to her surprise, not rough, cotton jockey shorts but her own smooth, silky, nylon panty hose and panties. "Surprised?" I asked. "Can you accept this?" And she said, "Accept what?" And that was just the beginning.

Our experimentation in this direction has been almost endless. While we enjoy making love in all the standard ways, there is an extra bit of pleasure and sensuality in viewing each other dressed provocatively in our sexiest outfits. It is sheer ecstasy when she runs her hands along my nylon-clad legs or, better yet, when I feel her nylon-clad legs rubbing up and down on my own.

It is a special thrill for me to insert my penis into the heel of a sheer nylon stocking and, at the appropriate moment, to insert my silky sheath into my lover's now wet pussy. The sensation for me is indescribable, and for her it is immensely pleasurable.

I have found that I can sustain an erection for hours in this manner and that the sensations, visual as well as tactile, are heightened immensely.

This past summer we were fortunate enough to stumble on a shoe store going out of business and found 500 pairs of spike-heeled shoes from the fifties. I was in heaven and immediately bought the entire lot, which is now safely tucked away in my basement. Thus we are guaranteed a never-ending collection of colors and styles from which to choose.

I have what by now must be one of the largest collections of nylon stockings, waist cinchers, corsets, and spike-heeled shoes in the country. Appearing in public dressed in the clothes of the opposite sex has no interest for me. What does interest and excite me is the heightened sensuality of making love to a beautiful woman while I am dressed in sexy, diaphanous garments that are just like hers and are visually stimulating.—*Name and address withheld*

MISTRESS MINE

I would like to express the superb joy that I have experienced as a sex slave over the past year. I am a shy man who fully believes in the superiority of women. My mistress is a fine, bitchy lady whom I am allowed to call either the Countess, on some occasions, or my mistress Rebecca, on others.

I met the Countess at a party when I was nineteen. She was twenty-three. About halfway through the party, she asked if I would drive her home. Since I had never received such a request, I readily agreed.

When we got into her apartment, she said that I looked like the type to fulfill a role as her slave. She required that I dress in black tights, bra, slip, blouse, and skirt. My mistress Rebecca then put lipstick, eyebrow liner, and the like on my face. Afterward she dressed herself in a full-length, black gown that made her look like the aggressive dominating woman that she is. She told me to serve her a drink. I poured wine into a glass and she told me to wave my penis around in the glass. My cock grew rock hard in seconds, but she warned me not to come.

She then pulled my tights down so that my bare ass was exposed, flipped me onto my stomach, and entered me from the rear with a four-inch dildo. All this time, playing the role of the Countess, she pounded on my back and shouted that men are shit. Again I almost came, but she didn't let me. After carefully washing the dildo, as my mistress Rebecca, she used it on herself and came a number of times. She then told me to lie on the floor and jerk off in front of her. The sight of her beautiful, regal body caused the sperm to fly all over in the biggest load I have ever shot. She spread my semen all over my face and rubbed my lips with it.

I do get a little upset during my mistress Rebecca's period. At that time I am required to perform cunnilingus (the only time that I am allowed to do so) and if I gag, I am tied up by the Countess, who then teases my big vibrant, eight-inch cock for hours without letting me come.

On a number of occasions, my mistress Rebecca has had as many as five friends over, and I am required to serve them all—even one who is in her sixties. The most painful thing the countess does is to put a scrotum strap on me and, attaching a leash to the strap, lead me around for most of the day.

I realize that a number of men will think that this is a perversion, but I feel that I have found true happiness in my proper role.—*K.G., Albany, N.Y.*

LEARNING THE ROPES

When I was a junior in college, I got a summer job working in a stockroom for an attractive woman interior decorator, called Nora, in her late thirties. Since I had always wanted to be dominated and humiliated by a beautiful woman like her, I secretly enjoyed acting as her Boy Friday. But I longed to serve her more intimately.

One day she accidentally spilled a soft drink on my clothes and offered to have them cleaned. So I stepped into a closet and stripped naked, handed her the clothes, and waited there for her return. After some time I heard the phone ring and sneaked timidly out to answer it, but just then my Nora stepped back in. There was nowhere to hide, and I couldn't hang up; so I completed the call while Nora stood there, giggling and watching. When I finished, she mentioned that my clothes were ready, adding that I looked so cute without them that she wouldn't give them back. She said that it would be fun having me run around the place nude, like her own little slave. Before I could say a word, she gave me a hard swat on the butt and ordered me back to work. Stranger yet, I complied.

Nora really enjoyed herself that afternoon, watching me work, grabbing a feel every now and then, and making me call her "mistress." At the end of the day, she asked me why I enjoyed having her abuse me. I told her that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen and that it was exciting to serve her. With that, I knelt down and kissed her feet. Surprised and flattered, she smiled and said nothing as she stood and watched me grovel before her. She slipped out of her panties and sat down in a nearby chair, pulling me along and positioning me between her thighs. She said that she had been aching for this all day and firmly pushed my face up into the soft, moist flesh of her pussy. I needed no encouragement and eagerly began to lick and suck her. Her juices were warm and slick on my face as I serviced my mistress until she squeezed me tightly, arched her back, and came in a long, spasmodic orgasm. Even after she came, I stayed between her outstretched legs and tenderly kissed her body until she was ready for more.

It was dark by the time she let me stop; so she decided to take me home with her. She tied my hands behind me, taped her panties across my mouth, and led me outside, still naked, into the alley and her car. That night, after making love to her again and again, she told me to masturbate

for her to see. It didn't take long for me to send sperm flying through the air. Nora got a big kick out of it and told me to do it again. Two more times and I was through, panting on my knees and covered with my own come. I slept that night tied and naked on the floor beside Nora's bed.

Soon after, I moved in with my mistress, and I've happily served as her completely contented slave ever since.—*Name and address withheld*

NICE AND NAUGHTY

I am fascinated by strong-minded, loud-voiced women; have no choice in the matter. When they smile at me with sidelong, covetous glances, my knees knock together with excitement below my flary skirts. I love such a woman. She appointed herself my "governess" as soon as I met her.

I used to be a brash teenager. Now I'm a girl of twenty and accept the fact that my governess has my flaxen hair Dutchbobbed with a childish forehead fringe, that she keeps me in low-heeled, single-ties, and that she claps her hands smackingly at me to make me mind—the crisp sound suggestive of a humiliating youthful punishment. Also I accept the fact that she dresses me in white knee stockings and in such short, up-swirling jumper dresses that passersby smile at the sight of my little-girl lace-type panties.

I refused frantically to wear hair ribbons, but as I gaze into the long mirror opposite me, I see reflected an upstanding bow, the symbol of a dominated young girl. I also see in the full-length mirror that my stockings are telescoped, that my dress is pulled around my waist, and that my white cotton panties with little embroidered panda bears are down, bunched at my knees. My governess has just given me an old-fashioned, burning spanking across her knee. For nothing more than general naughtiness I am smarting from a panties-down shellacking with her smacking, cracking hairbrush.

Of course I resist her at times, but I am no match in size or strength for this vigorous, hard-minded woman or her twenty-three year-old daughter. I rented a room from her with no money to pay for it; so she made me her servant girl. I was immediately jumpered and down-graded.

These two superior women proudly turn me across their knees in my juvenile attire and spank me soundly with down-pulled panties in front of their friends. Against such odds, what can a small-statured woman do but blushingly bear her burden of shame? Recently my governess caught me talking to her daugher's boyfriend, something she had forbidden. In front of the two of them, she pulled me across her nylon knee, whisked down my panties, and gave me the most humiliating spanking a young woman old enough to vote has ever had inflicted on her childishly bared buttocks. I walk humbly before them in bashful obedience since I never know when or where my white cotton panties will be taken down and my pussy exposed.—*D.W., Boston, Mass.*

MARRIAGE BOUND

Ordinarily, I wouldn't think of writing to a magazine, but recently I had an experience I just had to share with you and the readers. To begin with, about a week ago, I broke up with my boyfriend of three years. It was just no use seeing him anymore because we fought all the time and our sex life was completely nil. Up until recently everything has been fine. At least five times a week, we would get together and fuck our brains out. A couple of weeks ago, however, everything he wanted to do was "with the guys." I mean really with the guys! Nothing queer, but when he would invite me over to his dorm, he would end up playing cards, leaving me bored and alone. So finally I told him to shove it and gave him back the engagement ring.

Three nights ago he came over and asked me what he could do to get us back together. I really wanted him to kiss my ass hole and told him so. He thought I was kidding, but when I stripped off my jeans, he realized I was serious. I told him he would have to strip completely and lie on the floor. I then bound his feet with his belt and tied his hands to the legs of the bed on either side of him. I then told him he was going to have to show me he was really sorry for his behavior. I slowly knelt down in front of him and spread my cheeks in his face, my pink, fleshy ass hole nearly touching his nose. I don't know if he was excited then or not, but his eyes were as big as my tits. I forced his mouth open and shoved my ass right into his nose and mouth. "Lick it good!" I said.

He readily complied as his talented tongue darted in and out of my anal sphincter, and I started pinching his butt and scrotum with my free hand. About this time I noticed he was hard. I was getting pretty wet in the crotch, too, and saliva was running down my crack. I then stood up and grabbed some knitting yarn and tied it around his stiff, red cock. I stretched it back and looped the yarn around his butt, up his back, and tied it to his right arm. I got out my seven-inch vibrator and greased it up with K-Y jelly. Then—you guessed it—I shoved it up his ass and left it there so that I could also rub the tip of his now-rock-hard prick. Pretty soon he started shuddering and came all over the vibrator, the come running down the crack of his ass. That was the biggest load he had ever shot,—hot and thick.

I scooped up as much come in my hands as possible and said, "Eat it!" He hesitated; so I smeared it all over his face. I untied him, and a few minutes later we fucked in the usual way, and it had never been so good.

Since then, we have repeated this bondage scene a couple of times, and tonight we are going to reverse roles. Our relationship is now better than ever, and we plan on getting married as soon as we both graduate from college.—*S.C., Muncie, Ind.*

"I would like to express the superb joy that I have experienced as a sex slave over the past year."

CROSSDRESSED AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

It was early September and I had been living as a young woman for only about a week. I had a job as a sort of maid-governess for a wonderful family and they allowed me to express my femininity to its fullest. The family consisted of two small children, Jennifer and Joel. Jennifer was six years old but was very mature. Joel was five. They both were delightful children and I enjoyed working with them. Mrs. Jordan, who I shall call Jo, was my confident and friend and main support in helping me channel my life along feminine lines. She had been a real encouragement to me to live full-time as a woman. Her husband, Paul, while not as big an enthusiast, nevertheless had an attitude of "live and let live". If I wanted to wear a dress he did not object to it.

However, I was still deep down not to sure of my new feminine self and the image I projected. I had "dressed" on the sly during high school and now had not been seen as a girl by anyone outside the Jordan family except for an occasional long distance glance by a neighbor or two as I walked in the yard or carried out the trash. I knew that I must get over this, especially if I took Jo's advice and started college at the local junior college the next quarter. I quailed each time I thought of this but I had already "burned my bridges" behind me by giving away all my masculine clothing as I moved in with the Jordans. I did not even own any masculine underwear anymore! I would either remain a recluse or appear in public "en fem"...

So you can understand my reluctant spirit when the Jordans insisted I attend the local college football game with them! It was the first game of the season and Mr. Jordan had tickets for us all. I quickly realized it was useless to object for even the children wanted me to go! My excuses made no dent or impression on them at all.

So I was going. But what would I wear? I tried to think back to games I went to to recall what the girls wore. I did not want to appear overly dressed so as to draw a lot of attention but yet I did not want to go without looking as feminine as possible. I went to my room and surveyed the inventory of my

feminie attire. I went to my room and surveyed the inventory of my feminine attire. I decided on a blazer and skirt combination. I selected a dark blue blazer and white silk blouse that was frilly and had an awful lot of lace on it. The knee length skirt was of matching color. On the floor I found a pair of pumps with 5 inch heels. They were a different shade of blue but matched my outfit o.k. I slipped into them.

Next I sat down and applied my makeup. I still was not an expert but I would get Jo to review the job before we left. I did my nails with a matching shade of lipstick on my lips. A hint of eye shadow and mascara to lengthen my naturally long lashes and I was about set. Perhaps I was a little over dressed but not much. I did not wish to wear a pants suit and I had worn pants all my life. There would be none for me today.

I was pushing an earring through the newly made hole in my right lobe when Jo entered and asked to borrow some pantyhose. "I have either got a hole in all mine or else can not find any," she lamented. "Look in my drawer over there and get yourself a pair," I said accomidatingly. After all she had done to help me into the new role I now played in life I was more than happy to loan her the pantyhose!. "But will you please check my makeup for me before we go?" I asked. "Sure thing, doll!" she replied, finding the panty hose. "You girls ready yet?" Paul said as I realized how good it was that he was including me in the "girls" he was talking about. "Almost, darling. I just need to put on the pantyhose I borrowed from Jo Ann." Jo replied, calling me by my new feminine name. I had derived it from Joseph Andrew, my old masculine name.

A quick brushing of my hair, which was my own and plenty long, and I was ready. Paul was demanding we hurry. It was a half hour drive to the game and there would be a lot of traffic. "Get your purse and I will get the kids rounded up," Jo said as she slipped her feet into a pair of red slings with spike heels. I picked up my black morocco leather hand bag and we headed out.

Jennifer, in her little pink dress with red ribbons in her hair, was as cute as always. To her I was a woman and her friend. To her I was her teacher and image maker next to her mother. I found it already a big responsibility to show her how a girl should act and be. I was just beginning to learn myself! Yet Jennifer's complete acceptance of me as a girl boosted my feminine ego.

We all piled into the late model car and Mr. Jordan drove. I sat in the back with the kids and Paul and Jo sat up front. I already was feeling a bit uneasy about it all. What if I were discovered? What IF I saw someone who know me as a boy? What would I do when I must go to the restroom? Would someone discover my voice did not sound just right? All these questions plagued me as we rode along.

"Your outfit looks real nice, Jo Ann" Mr Jordan said as we rod along. "Thank you, but I just hope no one realizes I am really a male under this makeup and feminine clothing!" I replied. "Doubtful anyone will think you are anything but a girl in that outfit and especially now that you got your ears pierced," he said. "I know I would take you for a woman for sure!" His words seemed to reassure me and Jo added that if I acted like a lady then people would assume me to be one and treat me accordingly.

Paul's statement about my ears caused me to draw my hand to my ear and feel there again the gold stud earing firmly planted in my flesh. Jo had firmly insisted that a baptism into full-time femininity I should get my ears pierced. That first day I had moved in with them she had marched me down to the local shopping center to have it done. I had been frightened half out of my mind but now I was glad I had it done. It was a mark of unmistakable femininity which no one could deny.

When we got to the stadium we had to park a good distance away from the field. There were thousands streaming from the parking areas toward the stadium. "They expect about seventy thousand today." Mr Jordan commented as he parked the car. "Hold tight to your purse, Jo Ann. Don't let anyone grab it from you," Jo warned.

"These rocks are going to be murder on us in our high heels" Jo observed as we daintily began to try and manuver across the gravel parking area. "Perhaps you should have worn flats today, Jo Ann," she said as we started out. "Oh no!" I firmly replied. "Heels make my legs look too good not to wear'em. Besides I have worn only flats all my life. I don't want to go back to 'em now!" Jo grinned and just said, "Vantiy, vanity!"

As we took the children by the hands we could hear the loud speaker announce the starting lineup. We had reached the concrete ramp by now and were near the gate. Mr Jordan handed me my ticket and we each entered through the turnstyle. We were going to get to our seats just in time!

We had just found our seats when the kickoff came. Mr Jordan began to talk football talk to me. Statistics and plays and triva was his delight. I guess he figured that I was still interested in such despite the fact I was wearing a skirt now rather than football uniform as I had during high school. He could

not have been more in error. I had never really loved football and had only played it to try and "make myself a man". It had not worked. I was more interested in what the cheerleaders wore than in the various kinds of plays or statistics.

It was definitely a pretty afternoon and I felt good as I sat back in my seat and enjoyed it. After all, it was great to be just another pretty girl among the thousands at the game who were on an outing on a fall day! What did I really have to worry about? Being read? It was doubtful and so what if I were seen by someone who had known me as a boy? I didn't really care! It was great to be a girl!

It was about half way through the second quarter when Me. Jordan asked me to get all of us something to eat. I was feeling confident in my femininity and so did not hesitate to go for him. He gave me a twenty and I headed up the aisle.

As I passed I purposely dropped my comb and the girl reached over and picked it up for me. As she raised up our eyes met. "Is that you, Charlie?" I asked in a low voice. "Is that you Joseph?" came the response. The girl looked shocked. I am sure I did also. I had never known Charlie had a toward the feminine and here he was as a girl! "It can't be!" Charlie said as we stood and hugged each other. "How long you been in skirts?" I was asked. "Well, full-time only for a few weeks." I said. "And how about you? I never knew you liked dresses!" "I have been wearing 'em every day for six months". Charlie said. "But when did you start? I never knew you wanted to be a girl!" I replied.

By now we were getting a few looks from those in the nearby seats. I suggested we walk up to the refreshment stand and talk on the way. "I have wanted to be a girl for a long while." Charlie said. "I am even going to get my breasts enlarged soon. I am on hormones right now." "But that will be expensive," I said "How will you afford'em?" Charlene, as Charlie liked to be called now, took a deep breath and said, "I earn good money as a secretary at a law firm." "But do they..err..know about you?" I quizzed. "Sure!" Charlene said. "And they didn't fire you?" I asked. "No! I work for a lady lawyer and she is terrific. You see, she was my law conusel when I got hauled into court on a traffic violation while crossdressed. She not only got me off with no hassel but gave me a job! I owe her a lot!" "Sounds like my lady boss!" I said thinking of Jo.

"This is an old buddy from high school, Charlene Chambers." I said as we went back to our seats and I introduced my new found feminine friend. Moving over, we made room for Charlene. "You mean she is another one of those..err..like Jo Ann?" Mr. Jordon said with a funny look on his face when he found out. "Amazing!"

The game entered the final quarter and our team was leading by two touchdowns. Then the public announcer came on and said that there would be a drawing at the end of the game for a complete fashion ensemble at a local boutique for some luck lady. I did not think anymore about it till at the close of the game the announcer called my number! I could hardly believe it as I repeated the number announced and looked on my ticket stub! There it was! I had won! The $500.00 ensemble was mine! Joe and Charlene got excited. I was stunned. "go on! Go get it!" they pleaded. You have ten minutes to get there!"

Somehow the prospect of noteriety made me stay glued to my seat. Finally the two women promised to go with me. We wound our way back through the crowd and to the press box office where the announcer and the staff of writers and the like stayed.

My heart was racing like a runaway locomotive by the time we got there. Just short of the door I stood still and stoppin, I said, "I can't! I can't! They will find out! My voice, my hands my mannerisms will give me away! I will be laughed out of town!"

Jo looked at me with a look of disgust. "Nonsense! If you go in there and act confident then they will take you for what you really are, a young lady! You are a lady, no matter what is your sex. You chose to be a lady and no one is going to suspect anything unless you make them suspicious. Go in there and act the part and you will do fine!" Then Charlene chimmed in and said, "If you don't want the $500.00 ensemble then I will take your ticket and to get it! I would love to have it!"

Well that did it! When another TV said that, I was determined! Gathering all my lady-like elegance, I marched in. In my very best voice I said that I was claiming the prize. They asked to see the ticket. I showed the stub while clasping my purse tight for support. The man looked up at me and said, "Well, congratulations Miss...?" "Carlton, Jo Ann Carlton." I managed to say. "Well, Jo Ann you take this down to La Boutique this week and they will be happy to assist you in picking out five hundred dollars worth of pretty things. Meanwhile, I would like you to stand over there with your friends and let's get a photo for the newspaper!"

I nearly died when he said that! But there was no way out. My picture was going to be in all the local papers! On me! I had never expected this! "Click" and it was done. I had managed a smile. I was shaking as we walked out.

That next week I did get myself down to the La Boutique and was treated royally. No one, even if they suspected I was a male in skirts, ever said a word. I certainly enjoyed trying on all the new things! Then a couple of days later there was my picture in the paper! It came out good to my surprise and even Mr. Jordan commented on how nice it looked. A short paragraph went with it explaining what I had won.

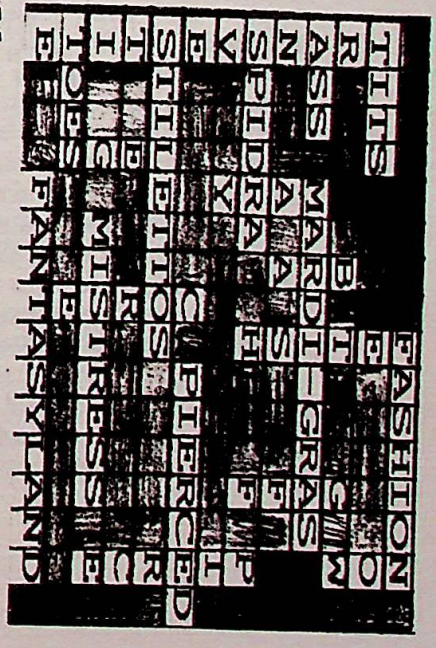
It was a couple of days later that I got a call from a local modeling agency. They wanted to interview me for a possible job! Me a model! I could hardly believe it!

Today I am a model and have had my photo on a lot of magazines covers as well as other places. I have since had my breasts enlarged just as Charlene did. No one thinks of me as anything but a woman. It is still hard to believe that it all began, my career that is, with a trip "em fem" to a football game! I hated to leave the Jordans but I still see them often and they still share with me my "little secret". However, if all goes well, I shall soon move to New York to continue my career as a model. Being a dame certainly has its advantages!

Man tries to do own sex change

HONG KONG (AFP) — A 31-year-old man who had been refused a sex-change operation was found bleeding in a public toilet after attempting to cut off his penis, reports said yesterday.

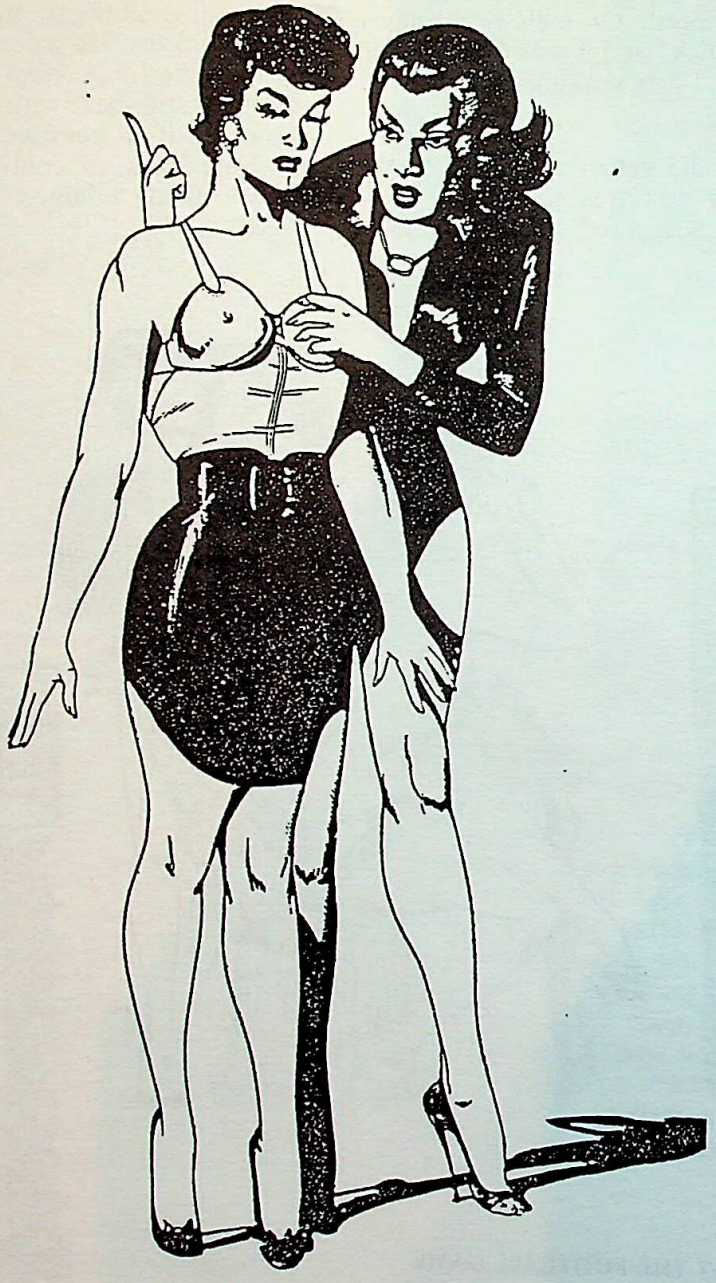
The man, reported to be the star of a local transvestite dance troupe, was in good condition in hospital, the media reports said.



HIS FANTASIES BECAME REALITY

by KAREN ANNE BROWN

Part 2



Our game had became pretty much the same, but, we enjoyed it so much, that we did not vary it much. I would hear the swoosh, and the sting of the riding crop would penetrate my panties. Fred never hit me hard enough to hurt. He only would sting me a iittle, just to add some realism to our game. He would strike me three or four times, actually bringing a tear to my eyes, then he would lower my panties, and, after coming around to face me, where I was expected to lubricate his cock with a good sucking, he would shove himself up into me.

After fucking me for a few minutes, he would untie me. I would lay on my back on the bed. Fred would take his clothes off, including his dildoe, come over, slowly raise my skirts and take my panties off. Then he would lay on top of me, pushing himself down onto me.

My arms would cling tightly to his neck, as I would feel that he really was the husband and I in the wife's role. His lips would wander all over my face as he rammed down on me. I was expected to be completely passive, which suited me fine. More than once, after these games, I'd have stripes across my bum and hickeys on my neck.

Well, enough of that. The reason that I am now wearing Sally's clothes all the time is this. When I got laid off from the plant, I went into a real fit of depression. Sally tried everything to get me out of it. After a number of weeks, I finally confessed to her that I felt I had lost my identity as a man, because she was earning our living for us. I was depressed because I felt that I was a complete failure.

Sally looked at me, almost awestruck, as though such a chauvinistic idea would never have occurred to me. She did not speak for a long time. At last she said, "Well, does Iris feel this way?" "Sally, come on now, this is for real and that is for a game. That is just for fun."

"Listen, I am tired of you moping around and making my life miserable because of some misplaced chauvinistic doctrine that should have died with the dinasaurs. If you feel that way, then it is about time that you stopped being a man and started to live as my wife. You surely are not much good to me the way you are. If you are Iris, then, women get supported by those who can earn more than they can. So, you can forget your foolish ideas of chauvinism. I am surprised at you, espcially, since I know how much you prefer panties and skirts to pinstripes anyway."

"Are you serious, Sally? Would you...would you force me to wear female clothing and be your wife?" Sally looked at me hard, for a long moment. She made a decision. I could see it in her eyes.

"This is my ultimatum to you. Your ideas seem to be associated with your trousers. If you are to continue in this marriage with me, then I forbid you to wear trousers. Do you understand?"

"If...if I do not become your fulltime wife, you would divorce me?" "You got it."

"Sally I love you. I do not want to live without you." "Well, you are going to have to do it as a woman then."

"Okay, if you are really going to force me to do it." "You have no choice in the matter. You wear dresses, or you leave."

"I'll do as you say." "For all time, in any situation?" "Yes, Sally."

I wore dresses for the next week. I told her that I would, under all situations, so I did. I did not realize some of the situations she meant.

I got my first rude awakening about a week after I had decided that I wanted to stay married to Sally, even at the cost of my manhood. Sally came home, in unusally good spirits. She was pleased to see me. I was wearing a pale yellow silk long sleeved dress with large white polka dots. It was a shirtwaist style, and one of my particular favorites. It was also just an inch or so over my knee and had a tight bodice with a wide flaring skirt. The belt was white and was about three inces wide. I was wearing heels that were actually, high heeled sandals, white ones. My hair was pulled back in a banana clip, making a very full pony tail. Small white earings dangled from my newly pierced ears, and a delicate gold necklace dangled a pearl at the base of my neck. I felt lovely, and I knew the moment that Sally saw me, that she thought that I was lovely. She kissed me, roughly rubbing her hands over the front of my silk dress, driving me wild.

"You, my lovely, are a sight for any man to come home to." "The only man I want to be here for is you. I love you Sally. I'd do anything for you."

"Well"..she smacked my beskirted bum very hard, "It looks like you certainly mean what you say. You know, if I did not know what was in those lace panties of yours, I would never believe it."

We ate quickly. Sally asked me if I would go out and get a bottle of wine, while she took a shower. I did. Happy as any girl, I slung my purse over my shoulder and went out. It was only half an hour before I returned with the wine. I let myself into the house, calling out to let Sally know that I had returned. She called from the livingroom.

"Is that you, Iris?" "Yes it is, sweet stuff."

Then I turned the corner and nearly died. My mother and father were sitting on the couch looking at me, curiously. My purse slid from my shoulder and I nearly fainted.

"Oh God...You were not kidding. He...uh...she should be a girl. God he never looked that good before."

I looked pleadingly at Sally. She was watching my reaction.

"Well, as you heard her, she now goes by the name of Isis. I think it is a good name as she is so pretty."

"You can sure say that again. My son, the chorus girl...." "Now, don't be so hard on him. You want him to be happy, and he is happy." "Yeah...but...I also kind of thought he would be a man."

"Well, she's not. She is my wife, and you will just have to get used to it. Now you can buy her pretty dresses on her birthday. Sit down Iris. You make us all nervous."

Acutely aware of being watched, I sat, unconsciously brushing my skirts out under me to prevent creases.

I was never so embarrased in my life.

"You know, Sally, when he was very young, we did not have very much in the way of earthly goods. He was the fourth child. the other three were girls. I used to dress him in their clothes till he was about five. Even then, he was much prettier as a girl, than as a boy. I never thought that it would affect him very much to wear his sister's underwear or their dresses if no one else was around. They used to have so much fun dressing him up as their little doll. they used to call him Princess, you know. Of course, his dad would not call him a princess whenver he came home and saw his only son sitting at the dinner table in a pretty lace dress. He called him a 'Fairy Princess'.

"Well, she is my fairy princess now, and I intend to keep her in pretty clothes for as long as she and I are married."

"Are you a queer to, boy?" roared out of my father, or so it seemed to be. He had spoken normally, but, all of my senses were acutely heightened at that moment.

"God, you should see her. We went to a party where she went as a bride, and the guys couldn't keep their hands off her. I saw some of them kiss her to. She did not fight them off either, so, I guess that she is a queer."

My dad looked at me for a long and very embarassing moment.

"Well, Maw, come along. I've seen all that I can handle for today. If you decide to come home for a visit, well...I guess that your mind is made up about this thing...so...you can wear what you want at home. Come, Mother."

My mother bent and kissed my cheek, and whispered..."You are so pretty, and you are fortunate to have such a loving wife. I wish you every success...uh...Iris." Then, they were gone.

I nearly cried. Sally, however, got wine into me, got an erection into my panties, and made me admit that I was happy to be free to go home wearing dresses and know that they expected me to wear dressess at home. She ended the evening, by giving me a gloriosly long fucking. I, underneath, in the wife role, and she penetrating me, riding herself to an enviable orgasm.

The only other time in the last two months that I was chagrined, though, I ended up learning a great deal about myself, through it. That was about two weeks ago.

I had supper on the table when Sally came home, only, to my surprise, she had a man with her. He was not especially good looking. He was around 5'8", probably 185 lbs., with a roundish face, slightly balding on top and grey at his temples.

"Put another plate on, Dear," Sally intoned, as she kissed me, as though it was the most normal thing in the world for a pretty girl in a business suit to kiss another girl on the lips, just as prettilly clad, only, in a less mannish style.

Horrified, I stared at the man. He was smiling.

"Oh, I am sorry, Iris. This is Jim Durham. He is from Winnipeg. He is here to explore the possibility of opening a partnership with me. I wanted to bring him home to meet my wife."

I blushed. I was certain that she had told Jim that I had a secret in my panties. I was right.

"You know, Sally, I would never have believed it if you did not tell me that she was really a boy." "You should see the way she sucks cock." "Well, with your permission, I hope to." "Oh, you have my permission. Just do not keep her out to late. Iris, I want you to go out on a date with Jim. I want you to make him a very happy man."

My heart sank. I ate in silence and they chatted as though I was not even in the room, mostly about technical stuff, about the business. I put my apron on and did the dishes. I was scared. I had never been with a guy before. Sally, I trusted her, but, a guy? I was scared.

Jim made a point of admiring my dress when I emerged from the bedroom, dressed for my first date with a man. Sally had selected what I was to wear. It was a shimmery silk shirtwaist dress, with a flaring flounced skirt and a loudly rustling crenoline underneath the blue material. He took my arm possessively, and led me to his car. Jim did enough talking that I did not have to talk. He was full of very very funny stories and it was not long, that inspite of my trepidations, I could not help laughing. He certainly had a way with the ladies.

He took me to a discoteque. I had never done dancing as a girl, excepting for the masquerade party when I went as a bride. Jim made me talk to him about how much I enjoyed being a girl. He confessed that his life long fantasy was to be with a guy on a date, but that the guy had to pass as a girl so that only those two knew it and that everyone else would think that he was a lucky older guy who happened to be able to interest a pretty young girl. He asked me about sex with Sally and, got me to admit that she had a fake cock that she made me suck. Then he asked me point blank if I wanted to suck the real thing.

I told him that I had never gone with a guy and that I did not know if I was a queer.

"Baby, any guy that looks like you do is a born faggot. You know, I'll bet that once you get a taste of the real thing, you won't want to go back to a rubber cock. Come on, let's go to my hotel."

He really did not give me a choice. Twenty minutes later, I was sitting on the couch, sipping wine, watching Jim move around the room. He came and sat beside me. For the first time in my life, I realized how small I really was. He kept telling me how much I turned him on, because I was so pretty. I'd been scared, so I had druck enough to lose any of my inhibitions.

When he finally put his arms around my shoulder, I felt so puny, and vulnerable, that I realized that this man, when I felt the strength in his left arm, would be able to do anything that he wanted to to me and that I would not be able to stop him. I was in a situation that girls get into every single day of their lives, and, I loved the feeling of knowing that only his desire to treat me as a lady was what was protecting me. I was helpless. I was vulnerable.

He put his lips on mine. I felt the beard stubble, and it turned me on so much. I knew that I was a girl to him. He pushed his tongue into my mouth, and, I sucked on it.

He moved so that he was laying on his side, with me laying on my back, wrapped in his strong arms.

"Let me see what you have got in there young fella." With that, his strong fingers pushed up

my dress, and squeezed at the front of my panties. "Ah...I knew you would like being with a real man. Here is the proof, my pretty little cock-sucker." His strong fingers explored between my legs, at my lacey crotch. I nearly exploded with desire. "God, you react just like a girl, when I touch you there." He squeezed and twisted the silk panel at the front of my panties, grinding the material into my effeminated cock. I exploded in his hard strong fingers, uncontrollably shaking, clinging to his strong neck, sucking on his probing tounge.

He let me recuperate, then, he put my hand onto the front of his pants, and kissed me. I squeezed it gently, curiously. I massaged down and felt the hard little balls.

"Jim?" "Yes, Iris." "I...I'd like to see what you look like...down...there."

"You'll do more than that my pretty pansy. You are going to suck me till I cum in that pretty little mouth of your, aren't you?"

"Yes." I was so humiliated at hearing the word pass my lips, but, I knew, I did not want to leave this room, without knowing the pleasure of sucking a cock, and making it cum in my mouth, like a real girl does. I was so flattered that I had made this man so hard, and I wanted my reward. I wanted his cum in my mouth.

"I would love to feel you in my mouth." "Oh...I know it...your as faggy as a three dollar bill." I...uh...I guess that I am."

He rolled onto his back. I went up on my side, kissing him, my hands seeking out his hard little nipples. Slowly, I unbuttoned his shirt, and, gently nibbled at his little nipples. I felt so feminine. I looked down. I wanted to see my hand on a man's pants front. I molded his shape with my fingers.

I slid my hand down inside his pants, hardly believing that I was actually touching a real cock, but, its hard pulsing satiny feel burned in my mind. I searched his balls till my arm got sore. Then, I opened Jim's pants and lovingly caressed his shaft. I then, slowly, teasing myself, took all of his clothes off. We moved then, to the bed, and Jim lay there, smiling at me. My naked man.

I stood beside the bed, and looked down at my erect boyfriend, knowing that I could not get any more queer than this. I looked at the erection, and was flattered that that was his reaction to me, as a girl.

I lay on top of him and kissed him again and again, feeling the throbbing erection between my beskirted thighs, there, reacting to me, as a girl. I wanted him to reward me. Moving down, I kissed his nipples again, sucking at them. I knew that a vixen would do this. It made me feel so girlish.

I rolled off him, and lay on my side, kissing my way down. I watched my hand play with a cock, the way that I would if I were a real girl. I felt his hairy balls as Jim moaned, bucking into my hand. I caressed the head, and I loved it. I wrapped my fingers around the shaft and I loved what that looked like. The fat ugly thing was an inch from my lips. This was the moment of decision. Could I actually so humiliate myself as to take a man's cock into my moutn?

With my hand holding it firmly, I pursed my lips and kissed it. It did not seem so terrible. I kissed it again, only, this time I was kissing it out of respect, knowing that I would never be a man like this, also knowing that I never wanted to be one. I wanted to honor a real man.

I had kissed a cock, willingly, so, putting my mouth all the way over the head should not be any worse. I stood again and walked to the foot of the bed, and knelt between my boyfriend's knees.

Curious to see what he looked like way down between his legs, I lifted his balls and looked. I did not know if I would ever get the chance to suck a cock again, and I wanted to do everything, so, gently, one at a time, I took his hairy balls into my mouth, driving him wild. I was so pleased, yet, I had not sucked a cock yet. Now, at this moment, I wanted to be a cocksucker more than anything else in the world. I was a girl, and I wanted to experience everything that girls do.

Holding the ugly thing in both hands, I lowered my head, opened my mouth and tried to fit it in. It was too big. It was too dry. It would not fit.

I screamed inside. I had humiliated myself all for nothing. I was not going to be able to look in the mirror tomorrow and know that I was looking at a cocksucker.

The thought occurred to me that if I licked it to lubricate it, that might just do the trick. I licked the head all over. I licked the shaft up and down. I could not but help wondering what my mother would think of seeing her pretty little boy now. Yet, I had not sucked it.

I lowered my head, after opening my mouth as wide as it would to. The head popped into my mouth. Down, as far as I could go. Now, I would suck my first cock. Not knowing what else to do, I (as the wrestlers in school used to joke about) put a lip lock on the love muscle. I tightened my lips, licked at his cock, and, sucking as hard as I could, I slowly raised my head. I remembered the jock from grade school, that said that if you could open you mouth without showing your teeth, that you would be a good cocksucker. I was careful to keep my teeth behind my lips. I wanted to be a good cocksucker.

Up and down, slowly, lovingly, I licked and sucked for what seemed like hours. Every joke I had every heard, I thought of. I was now one of those guys who would get mad at you and hit you with my purse. I was now a guy who watched for runs in my panty-hose. My jaws got sore, I was sucking so hard. I began to play with his balls and masturbate Jim at the same time, trying to make him cum faster. My shoulders were sore. I took my mouth off him and licked his lovely cock up and down again, wanting to make it cum in my mouth, just like my mouth was a cunt. Sucking cocks was hard work. Again, I claimed him into my mouth. In my mind, I was calling myself a cocksucking fag, and telling myself how much I loved sucking cocks. I was now, a faggot. I would have been in heaven, if Jim, at that moment, would have started calling me really degrading names, like a fairy, a sissy cocksucker, or better, a pansy princess.

When Jim started to cum, he grabbed my hair so that I could not get away. He rammed himself so far into me, I was half convinved that I was going to die, as I could not breathe. He was fucking me, like I was a woman. I saw a brief flash of a headline, in my mind's eye "Mystery Boy Found, In Female Attire, Mouth Full Of Male Semen."

He started to ejaculate. I desparately wanted to know that I had semen in my body that I had sucked out of the source. He was ramming so far into me that it was impossible to swallow more than just a small bit. His semen spurted out of the corners of my mouth. It fell all over my hands, all over Jim's heaving belly. I kept him in my mouth till he was completly empty. His fingers twisted as they were in my hair really gave me no choice. I had been mouth fucked by a man.

He kissed me and told me that I was a good cocksucker. I said thank you for the compliment. I was flattered. I was also ashamed of my feelings of being successful, at cocksucking. The humilitation heightened my pleasure. I was effeminated.

When Jim drove me home, we sat, necking in the car, for a long time. His hand found its way under my dress. My panties had dried out, but, he mae me cum again. I loved being treated as though I was a real girl. He told me he'd like another blow job. I admitted that I would enjoy giving him one, and, opened his pants and made Jim give me his man stuff again.

Sally made me tell her every detail, then she rolled me onto my back and fucked me till she got all of her rocks off. As Sally snored beside me, I reached into my panties and sang that song that has the chorus..."I'm the luckiest girl...in the whole world."

That is the story of how I came to be in my wife's role. I hope that you enjoyed reading it as much as I did writing it.

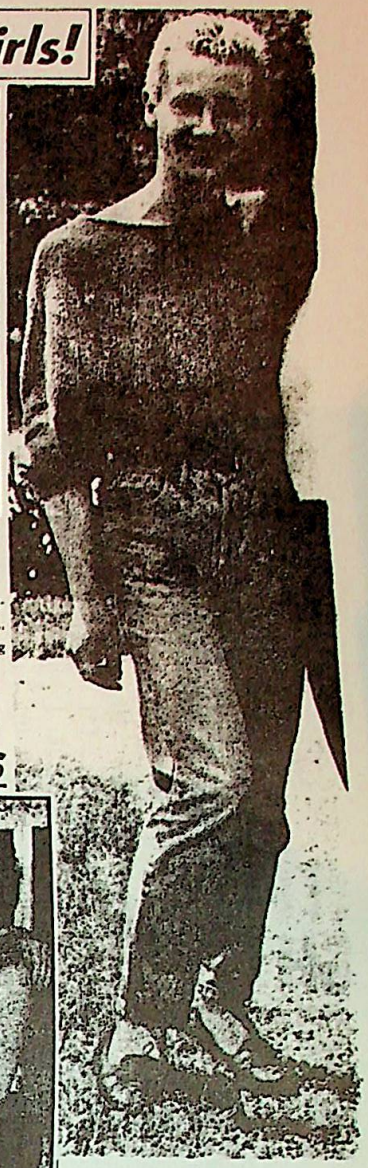
I work for Sally now, as a part time receptionist. I adore going into the office, in a lovely three piece suit, a jacket, vest and skirt, with a silk blouse, and a man's tie.

Bye from Iris, in her wife's role.

Boys will be boys . . . unless they wanna be girls!

Sex change turns brothers into sisters

WHEN THEY WERE BOYS: Patrick, left, and Yannick used to be brothers.



SISTERS: Alix, left, is waiting for the operation that will make her a "total woman." Dominique's wish has already come true.

By SUSAN JIMISON

Patrick and Yannick used to be brothers. Now they're Dominique and Alix, and they're sisters!

The French transsexuals were raised as boys, but when the eldest — Patrick — turned 18 he shocked his mom and dad by asking them to arrange his sex-change surgery. Then, a few years later Yannick followed suit and now the two are happy young ladies — and they're thrilled to be sisters.

"I've corrected a mistake of nature," bubbled Dominique, 26. "It's wonderful to be a woman."

And Yannick, now a willowy young lady called Alix, agrees: "I feel like a woman — it's no mistake." The pair's parents were pretty upset when all this sex switching began. But they have adjusted, they say.

"It happened," said father Maurice, a hospital maintenance supervisor in Quimper, France.

"I don't have any idea why, but there it is.

"I'm pleased that Dominique is so happy. I hope that Alix can be happy, too."

Alix has yet to complete the last stages of his change to femininity, but Dominique is certainly a sexy little number.

She loves wearing coquettish clothes and treasures her relationship with a boyfriend, Daniel. Alix, too, has a boyfriend, a 41-year-old divorced father of two teenaged boys.

Yet as happy as they are now, the two sex-swap sisters still can't forget the years of pain preceding their operations.

Both were effeminate as boys and were tormented by schoolmates.

"I cried all the time," recalled Dominique, who was bullied by other boys. "As soon as I knew what boys and girls were I wanted to be a girl.

"I was very, very romantic. I dreamt of a nice little house and a wonderful husband."

Her brother, who is younger by four years, was suffering, too, but the two youths never discussed their feelings about their gender until Patrick announced he wanted to be Dominique.

"I want to be a woman," he told his father on his 18th birthday. And Maurice and the boys' mother, Marie-Pierre, agreed to support their son. Soon Patrick was undergoing hormone therapy and preparing for the sex-change surgery that transformed him into lovely Dominique.

"I grew breasts," recalled Dominique, still thrilled by the memory of the longed-for change. "Every day it seemed that amazing things would happen to me. My skin changed. My hair feels different, too. Now I watch my weight and my waist line. I feel wonderful."

Inspired by his brother's sex change, Yannick begged his parents for help, too.

"My parents said, 'Whatever we did for Dominique, we'll do for you.' But I'm still waiting to begin treatment.

"I became anorexic. I was so desperate not to grow I didn't eat. I've now just got to wait — but I still feel like a woman."

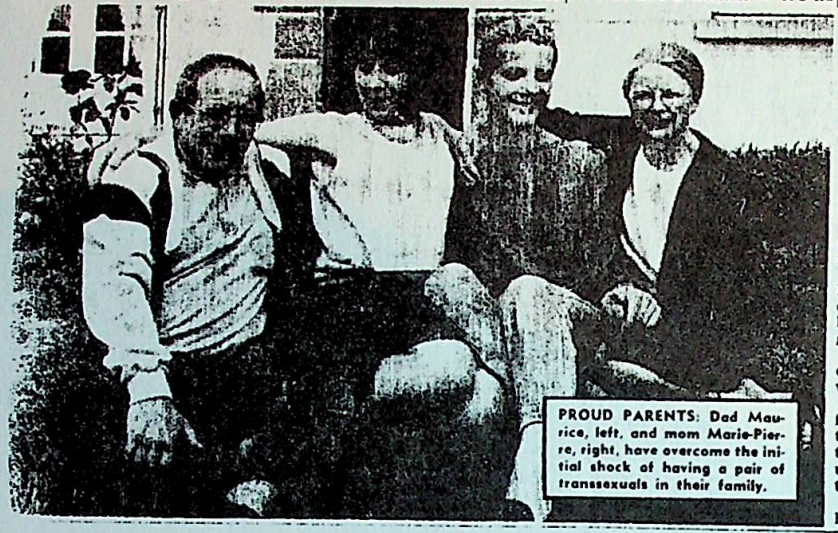
After the initial shock of their sons' bizarre decision passed, Maurice and Marie-Pierre have rallied to their "daughters'" side.

The loving parents are even helping Dominique in her battle to be legally designated a woman so she can get employment.

One reason they are bearing up so bravely may be that they still have one son left — and he doesn't have the slightest interest in changing sex.

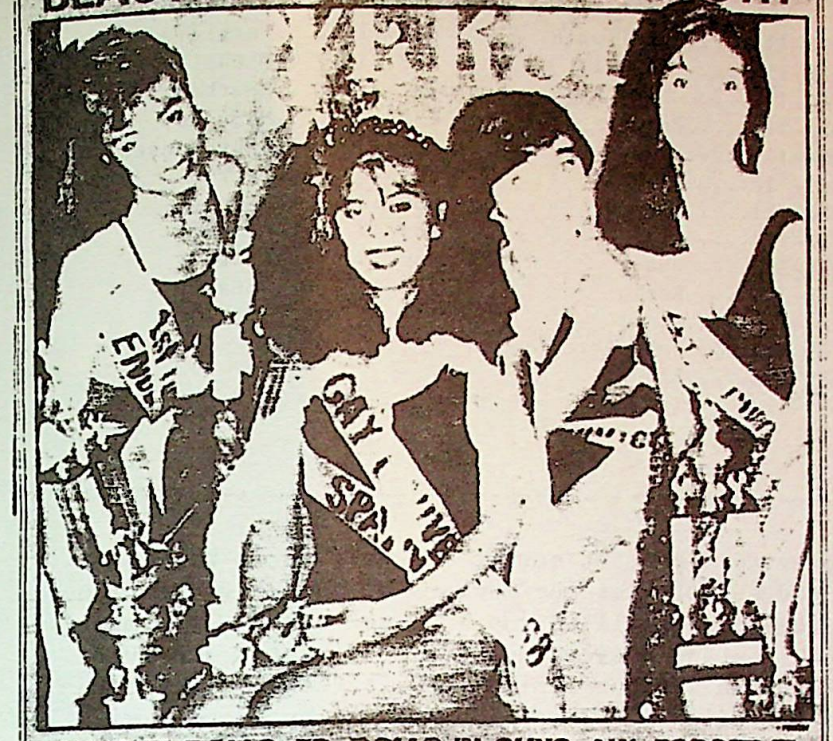
"I don't have their problem," said the boy, Mikael, 16, referring to his sisters. "I'd know if I did."

Parents accept their new daughters with open arms



PROUD PARENTS: Dad Maurice, left, and mom Marie-Pierre, right, have overcome the initial shock of having a pair of transsexuals in their family.

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTLY TRUTH



GUYS 'N DOLLS, ER, DOLLS 'N GUYS, AW, FORGET IT

If you can't spot what's wrong with this picture, you're (A) Bert Parks (B) Recovering after a very bad night in Manila (C) Nancy Reagan's astrologer (D) [illegible] wouldn't let you be a judge. Bikini contest (E) All of the above. If you picked (E) get on the phone to Jimmy Swaggart immediately and beg forgiveness — because these are transvestites at a mock beauty contest in the Philippines.

Bridegroom forced to take a sex test

THE HEAVY makeup on the groom made city clerks a little suspicious, and when his identification papers labeled him as a "daughter," they wanted to make sure that he was all man.

So officials in Aabenraa, Denmark called a local police officer to check him out.

The West German couple had come to the country to get married, but one more test had to be administered. The red-faced officer called the groom into an adjoining room and asked him to prove his sex.

Have to be careful

He was a man all right, and embarrassed officials went on to perform the marriage ceremony for a surprisingly patient couple.

Ehlert B. Nielsen, a spokesman for the mayor, says the man and woman "took it quite well considering."

The daughter label was apparently a mistake and the makeup was enough to make officials wonder.

"We have a lot of foreign marriages," says Nielsen, adding: "We do have to be careful."

Officer Steve quits the force to become Stephanie!

OFFICER Steve Butcher

A MACHO cop nicknamed "Butch" stunned his colleagues when he announced he was leaving the force to undergo a sex-change operation.

Steven Butcher says his fondest dream would have been to rejoin the force as a lady cop named Stephanie, although he knows that is impossible.

"I am being retired on medical grounds," said Butcher, 31, a British bobby who patrolled a beat at London's Heathrow Airport. "I would love to stay, but it is not legally possible for a transsexual to remain in the force."

By JOHN TURNER

Married

Butcher, who has been married nearly 10 years, says he's known since age four that he was in the wrong body.

"I lived a normal life, but all the time with the knowledge and belief that I should be the other sex," he declared.

Finally, last January, Butcher had a talk with his wife Diana, and went to see his doctor. The 12-year police veteran is now receiving hormone treatment to develop breasts.

Diana is loyally standing by her man and amazingly says she will continue to do so even after he becomes a she.

"I was just very, very relieved that I finally knew what was wrong with him," said Diana, 32.

"I hated his sulky, silent moods. I thought it was something I had done that brought them on. It was a great relief to find out the truth of why he was so unhappy."

Butcher explained: "We've always had a slightly unusual marriage because we've been such good friends. We hope to stay together."

Low priority

"I have never had any homosexual feelings. Sex has never been a priority in my life."

Police colleagues were completely astounded by Butcher's sex swap bombshell.

"He used to be a real beer swilling, womanizing macho cop," according to one of his former co-workers. "Most of the lads here are in fits of laughter over it."

He's known since age four that he was in the wrong body

Changed

Shocked neighbors say Butcher's appearance has changed drastically since he began his hormone treatment.

"He used to look really manly," said Mrs Pat Prince. "Now his hair is all curly and he has shaved off his mustache."

HORMONE treatments are helping the transformation

[redacted]

The purpose of this club is to provide a contact service as well as to provide information, articles, stories, and support for the members of this organization. DISCRETION is the code by which this club shall be run and we expect as much from the members. Any direct contact between members is strictly a private matter between them. We do not condemn sex but remind you of the discretion necessary to keep this service available. This club and its publishers will not be held resposible for any actions between members.

All advertisements in this publication are deemed to be genuine, any ads found grossly falsified will be altered to suit or dropped completely. We reserve the right to alter any advertisements, articles or photos submitted for publication.

This publication will not be made available to anyone under the age of 18. The membership will not be made available to non-members. The 'meat' of the publication will be sold to non-members as a non-profit making income for the club.

Club members are advised to be discrete with other club members and respect their 'other' lives. (as they should in turn be discrete with their sisters).

Anyone wishing to change their picture or the wording of their ad must give us 90 days written notice to be guaranteed that we have time to change it.

NEXT PUBLICATION??? We would like to start by doing a feature report on any club member who is interested. If you are, please submit a writeup on yourself and some pictures you would like to have published. The next publication will be out in February, 1990, so please send any liturature, fantasies, slippings, cartoons, etc. to [redacted]
Looking forward to your input.

Wanting to join? need information? For information sent $2.00 + SASE to:

[redacted]

DO NOT ADDRESS TO HEATHER!
(Public Relations Officer)
DO NOT ADDRESS TO M.S.C!

Ads and pictures updated (for members only) to: [redacted]
to our 'post mistress"

Buying advertising space- (see 'Robin May')

"MEMBER OF THE MONTH"

SEE JENNIFER'S MEMBER PROFILE
WRITE-UP ON PAGE 19